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ASK HERBERT JOHNSON

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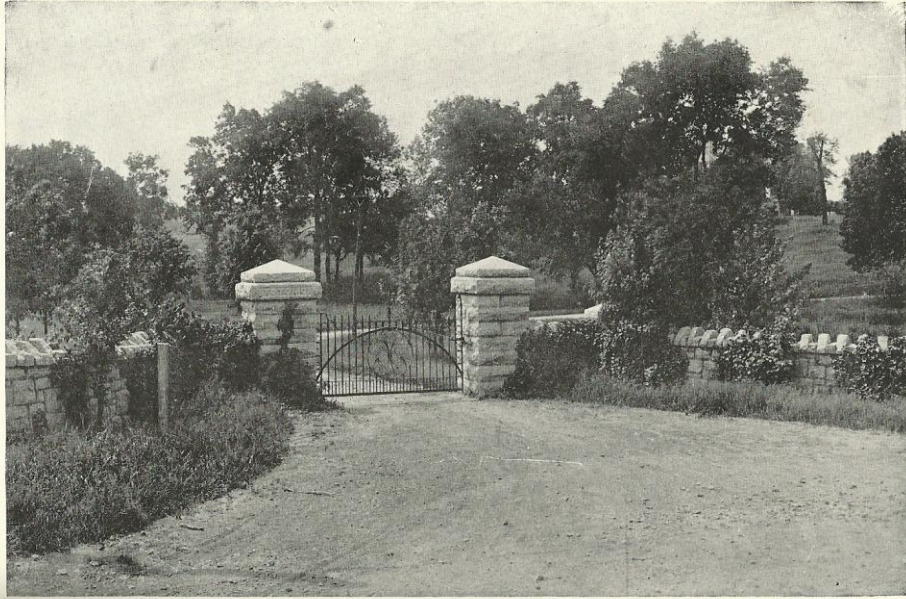
Dedication

OR sixty years the sons of Montgomery Bell Academy have carried their school on with true courage and devotion, have raised her name aloft in character, scholastic records and sports, and having departed, have ever cherished her memory in their hearts.

In high appreciation of this we who have for four years honored the past, and have helped to shape the present, wish now to hand down this trust to the classes of undergraduates, that they in their turn may bear it on and hand it down to the future sons of Montgomery Bell.

Therefore is this issue of the Bulletin dedicated to the Freshman Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, and may they not fail of their trust.





ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL GROUNDS

Montgomery Bell Bulletin


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No. 5

Kiawah

 GOLDEN sun dropped behind the last of the sea islands, silhouetting the scattered palmettoes against a golden sky. The low sand dunes formed a broken line against the light, casting long shadows across the smooth beach, over which the tide was slowly advancing. The wild cry of the gulls could be heard above the steady roar of the breakers as they darted about above the beach seeking their supper among the refuse of the last tide, or again flying out over the water they suddenly swooped down on some unwary fish and bore him off in triumph to their rookery and waiting young.

It was a perfect evening. This was the opinion of Frank Shafton, who, sick of city life, had bought himself a small twenty-foot catboat and set out alone to cruise among the lonely and uninhabited sea islands as a recreation. No storms threatened the coast, so he had spent two lazy weeks here and there among the inlets fishing and sailing and taking life as it came each day.

On the evening referred to Frank was sitting on top of the highest dune on the front beach watching the darkness fall on the water. His trim white boat was anchored behind the island, protected from the long continuous swells of the ocean. The beauty of the moment, the mighty voice of the sea and the cool breeze fanning his temples were all

soothing to his troubled mind. This case was no exception in cause from the usual run of trouble. Yes, a woman was at the bottom of it, and as is usual, a beautiful woman.

Frances Moore, the person in question, was indeed beautiful. Dark hair, soft dark eyes, beautiful mouth, and a divine figure. This lovely apparition was, however, a "jazz baby" entirely, and had scorned Frank with his quieter views as a sentimentalist and a dreamer, hence the objection on the part of the young man. And, as it seemed, to cap the climax, she had accepted the invitation of a wild young millionaire to go with eight other young people for a three weeks' yachting cruise to the South. That was the final blow, and Shafton had sought solitude with only the sea for a companion, where he might weigh out his thoughts at leisure and at length come to some decision concerning the matter.

The island upon which he was sitting took his fancy, so Frank slowly arose and sauntered over to the back beach. He had decided to spend five or six days here, so he went aboard, ate a light supper and disappeared into the tiny cabin for the night. When he arose in the morning a steady breeze as usual was blowing on shore. The sun was just up and the sparkling breakers on the front beach seemed to offer an invitation for a dip.

A good swim and a breakfast did Frank no end of good as far as his spirits were concerned, and having cleaned up the dishes he set out to explore the island. It proved to be a typical sea island, about four miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. The center of the island and the back beach were thickly set with palmettoes and small semi-tropical growth, while the front beach was bare except for some gnarled old veterans here and there, survivors of a thousand storms, whose roots the devouring tide, when at flood, lapped greedily as if gloating over the day when they at last must succumb. Returning in the afternoon Frank took a short nap and then prepared his supper. In the evening he again ascended his sand dune to watch the sunset. The breeze was still blowing from the sea and it

had increased slightly in velocity. The sun sank in a cloudless sky in a blaze of unnatural red.

On the morning of the third day Frank perceived a marked change. No clouds were in the sky, but the sun was shining through a haze, and not with its usual splendor. But the sea—what had happened to the sea? Something indeed had come over the sea, for instead of the usual blue color, it presented a lead gray aspect and the long swells instead of leaping and sparkling with life, rolled in smooth and sullen. The wind, having veered a few points to the north during the night, had a low whining or complaining sound as it seized the loose sand and whirled it along in small eddies across the beach.

Frank, being nothing much of a nautical man, was not at all disturbed by this. Only a vague sense of unrest seemed to pervade everything; the gulls seemed uneasy as they flew screaming over the oily-looking waves and most of the fish had departed for deeper water. During the day the wind, still on shore, increased slowly until as dusk drew on it was blowing something like a small squall. Just before the sun dropped from view, however, it calmed down somewhat, though continuously giving forth that low, whining, warning note, an unnatural sound, that filled one with awe and to a certain degree fear. No gulls were out over the beach or breakers this evening; everything seemed strangely quiet except for the monotonous whine of the wind.

This evening, however, the sun did not sink in a cloudless sky. It sank, just above the horizon, into a mass of greenish black cloud that was slowly rearing its line higher and higher into the sky. The coloring of the sky and cloud bank, as the sun passed slowly out of sight, was indeed an exquisite thing. Many the painter or poet who would have given practically anything for a chance to recount that moment on canvas or paper. The beauty entranced Frank to such a degree that he sat long after the last light had disappeared and contemplated the wonders of nature. He sensed a vague feeling of happiness, a happiness which he

was unable to find in the crowded dance hall, the motion picture, or superficial love affairs. Here he was nearer to nature, nearer to God and nearer to his own self. He sighed, arose, cast one more glance at the stars that were coming out one by one, and walked across the island to where his boat was anchored. A great load was off his mind; he had at least reached a decision that if Frances did not care enough for him to take him seriously, he would go right back and get down to his work again and shut her out entirely from his mind. Wait a moment. Should he go right back? No, he would spend two or three more days on this lonely island, this spot of contentment, this secluded place of rest. There was no place he knew of where he could better start to forget her. With these thoughts in his mind he dozed off into a peaceful sleep, rocked by the tiny waves that rolled along behind the island.

He was up with the first gray light, barely perceptible, that began to pale the moon and blot out the stars on the eastern horizon, and long before the sun raised his smiling visage over the rim of the ocean. High up above his head, in the upper strata of air, thin wisps of clouds, pale pink, or rose-tinted by the yet invisible sun, drifted lazily across the sky. Frank was in the best of spirits. His mind and spirit were no longer oppressed, and now free they responded readily to the keen fresh air of the early morning. Having eaten a light breakfast he strolled across the island, climbed his favorite dune and awaited the rising of the sun. Slowly the blazing orb pushed itself out of the sea and then, freed, as it seemed, it traveled more slowly toward the meridian.

After the sun had risen Frank turned back across the island when the cloud bank of the previous evening caught his eye. It had reared itself a few degrees higher, but reflecting the blazing glory of the morning sun, it had entirely lost the threatening aspect of the evening before. From the upper strata of this huge pile the thin wisps seem-

The force of the gale was appalling. The monstrous waves rushed up the beach to break with a frightful roar at the foot of the trees. It was indeed a blessing the hurricane had come at ebb tide, or perhaps the mighty rollers would have swept entirely over the island. As it was, they did not miss it very far, and Frank was driven to the highest place he could find.

As he peered through the lashing rain toward the sea Frank suddenly thought he saw something rise up on top of one of the rollers. He wiped the spray from his eyes and looked again. Yes, there it was once more. God! it was the yacht. Driven on, half-submerged, by the relentless force of the hurricane it came. It struck the bottom at a good distance out and stuck there imbedded in the sand. Each wave dealt it a terrific blow as it rushed by. Nothing made by man could stand such an assault long. Slowly the yacht began to go to pieces. Frank felt desperate. There were human beings on board that yacht and here he was standing on land, in sight, and could do nothing for them. A giant wave, larger than its fellows, came piling up toward the shore. It passed entirely over the yacht, and when it broke upon the beach there was no sign of the vessel left except some driftwood here and there in the raging surf. Suddenly Frank saw something black about fifty yards out. Merciful Lord! it was the head of a human being, and a woman at that. Frank forgot entirely about himself or any personal danger. In a mental haze he remembered rushing waist deep into the roaring waters and seizing the limp body of a girl and dragging her to safety.


When he laid her upon the ground and cleared her wet hair from her face, he almost fainted. It was Frances. How she got there needed no explanation.

In the late evening the storm had passed and the clouds in the southwest were breaking. A strong off-shore breeze was blowing and the waves were slowly subsiding. A golden sun was sinking in the clearing sky, silhouetting a man and a woman sitting, arms interlocked, on a high sand

dime. Some greater power than Frank's mind had solved the problem for him.

MOULTRIE BALL, '27.

The A. C. A. C.

HE American Colored Athletic Club met at its usual place on Cedar Street over a grocery store on Saturday night. The attendance was large and the room small, so unless one spoke at a time it sounded as though there was a fight.

Attending this weekly meeting was the champion of the club and a new member, both of whom were trying to win the same girl's hand, and as it was, the new member, Zeke Willis, was ahead of his rival. His rival, Handsome Harvey, was so jealous that he could have cheerfully torn Zeke limb from limb, and he was saying so when Zeke interrupted him.

"Wat was 'at last remark, boy?" asked Zeke as he stepped up to Handsome.

"Yo' reminds me of a chicken," said Handsome; "I always wants to tear you apart and eat you."

"I wants to know what is you waitin' on?" retorted Zeke.

"Nothin'," said Handsome and clinched, but other members of the club separated them, and after a few arrangements they were to box it out on the following Saturday night.

Neither one had much time to train for the fight. Zeke was a private chauffeur, while Handsome was a porter at a well-known bank. Now Zeke started walking to and from his work every day instead of riding the street car, and also he would take other exercise when he had time, but Handsome, who was naturally built up well, didn't train at all.

Now the young colored girl involved had already heard about the coming fight, though she saw neither one of the contestants during the week previous to the occasion.

Members of the club had during the week rented a barn out in the suburbs for the bout, and had fixed up some seats

and a ring, so that night they had a miniature Madison Square Garden for the big fight. The place was jammed even to standing room and bets were taken freely. The odds were 2 to 1 against Zeke and Zeke's friends were placing all their money on him.

Handsome was the first to enter the ring with his seconds and a great shout went up, then came Zeke with his seconds and a greater shout went up. The referee called the fighters into the middle of the ring, explained the rules and announced the fight to be fifteen rounds. The fighters retired to their corners. Just before the gong Handsome looked over to Zeke's corner and saw him talking to his girl, or rather their girl. This made Handsome red hot.

When the gong sounded Handsome rushed out to finish it all, but Zeke, not waiting for this to happen, gracefully sidestepped him and at the same time almost knocked him out with a right to the ear; then they clinched and caressed each other with a few rabbit punches before the referee broke in on the pair and warned them to fight instead of doing the black bottom. The bell.

Second round. Handsome staged another rush, but Zeke danced the light fantastic by him and delivered another shocking blow that almost ended the fight. This blow made Handsome use his head. They sparred a while, then they did the Charleston, after which Handsome almost knocked Zeke back into his childhood days with a left hook to the jaw. After studying the stars until the referee counted nine, Zeke jumped up and duplicated the order to Handsome's chin, but the bell ended the war and Handsome's seconds dragged him to his corner. After a Turkish bath Handsome felt more like going the next round.

Third round and all's well. This time Zeke made a mad rush to finish his opponent, but he, not wanting to stop the fun, quickly stepped away and almost ruined Zeke's nose. Now this didn't please Zeke at all. "Lay off my face, you big bozo," said he; "I'll finish you for this." Whereupon he rushed half dazed.

When he came to he was sitting in his corner and the referee was lying in the ring counting Handsome out.


"Now why does that referee have to lay down on his job?" inquired Zeke.

"Oh, honey, yo' is so strong," said Zeke's girl, caressing his kinky hair; "you done went and knock both Handsome and the referee out."

Thus had Zeke won a girl, a fight, and is now the idol of his club.

GLENN FITE, '27.

The Half Miler

 HERE was a lot of talk in Milville Academy when Jack Rainey went out for the track team. He was a tall, slender lad who, although a good sport and liked by everyone, was never looked upon as a possible athlete. Jack had long, slender legs, not the knotty muscled kind that so often slow up and spell defeat for their owner at the last sprint, but the sloping, supple kind that would carry him around the track with the greatest speed and ease. His one fault was his wind.

As soon as the coach saw Jack he knew that he could develop him into a star half-miler if he could fire him with the ambition to be one.

The first day out the coach sent them jogging around the track for about a mile. He was surprised to see Jack come in panting heavily. His legs had that supple ease to give him a quick start and fast sprint, but once in the lead he could not hold it. Jack decided that he must do some training for himself, so each night he would run a mile down the long dirt road leading from the academy. Soon the coach noticed that Jack was keeping pace with the others and that he had better wind.

One afternoon as the team were headed for the showers the coach called Jack to one side and said, "Rainey, you have been working hard and next week you are going to have your big chance in the half-mile."

The night before the big event, Jack, after giving his legs a thorough rub down, was walking up and down the floor wondering if he would stand the pace in the race the next day. A package of tobacco and his pipe lay at his elbow, and glancing at it he thought how with one little puff, one little less spark of energy might throw him out of the race at the last finish and give it to his most hated rival, Lois. He turned, threw it into the fire, forgetting his desire to smoke, and going to bed finally fell into a fitful sleep.

The next day a white-faced Jack was nervously running up and down the track trying to look composed while he knew it was the chance of his life. First, Milville had climbed into the lead only to be thrown into second place by Forrest Hi, the winner of last year's meet. Jack knew that it depended on him to win the half-mile. Would he lose to Lois, the star of Forrest and have them defeat Milville again? All around him people began saying it was the same old story, but Jack vowed to himself that it would not be the same story this year.

At last the starter lined them up and repeating the instructions, raised his gun in the air. There was a breathless pause, and Jack remembering the coach's instructions, waited until the other had touched the ground, and then as he slowly touched the ground with his fingers, the gun cracked. With a jerk he was off down the track a full yard ahead of the others.

After the first hundred feet Jack started floating. Holding his shoulders back, his body slightly swaying, and using the kick stroke, he flew around the track like a mechanical doll. At the quarter, saving his wind as best as he could, with all but two now out of the race, Jack dropped back into second place, while Lois, holding the lead, was running with almost superhuman speed. Jack gathered himself together. Raising himself on his toes and swinging his arms in perfect rhythm with his flying feet, Jack began to overhaul Lois, who was literally running himself to death. At the turn, Lois, with a fixed stare on his face, his eyes

half shut, slightly faltered, and in that moment a flash of inspiration came to Jack. In a leaping sprint that carried him to Lois' side he passed by him. Lois, as though inspired by this, increased his pace and Jack heard the "pad, pad" of his flying feet. Now the white tape was in sight and it seemed to Jack to be wavering back and forth. A dark haze was gathering on the path and it seemed as if someone was holding him back, that his legs were numbed. He made a strong rally, but it seemed as if he was standing still, and he saw the leg of Lois at his side. The track seemed to swing up to meet him. He made a clumsy dive and felt the tape tighten under his arms, then break, and he fell headlong to the track. The gravel bit cruelly into his knees. He tried to rise, but he hung for an instant on his hands and knees and then dropped unconscious, but in that instant, with the cheers of victory sounding in his ears, he knew he had won.

ALLAN WALKER, II., '27.

The Golden Treasury

I've read a thousand books or more,
With knowledge crammed or joys in store,
But never one has held for me
Such charms as Palgrave's Treasury.
Each page I turn I meet a man,
A great emotion, or a band
Of strugglers fighting to be free,
Or some sweet song of flowing sea.

G. MARTIN, '27.

No Left Turn

HEY, there, Bo!" shouted a big policeman to a countryman who was driving an old Ford touring car, "where do you think you are going? Can't you read that sign right in front of you?" The countryman, ignorant of the traffic laws, read it, "No left turn."

"I'm sorry, boss, but I didn't know," replied the countryman, in a rather nervous voice.

"Well, the next time use your eyes and watch where you are going. All cops are not as easy as I am."

He blocked the traffic when he backed up. The other people in their cars began to blow their horns impatiently. This so confused the poor man that he hardly knew what to do. It seemed to him ages before he could get turned around, but finally he did and continued down Church Street. Lucky for him the green lights were on.

When he came to Fifth Avenue, forgetting for the time about "No left turn," he started up Fifth Avenue, but he had no more than turned the corner when he heard someone shout at him:

"Say, what do you think this is, and where do you think you are going?"

The countryman then realized what he had done—"No left turn." "Well, I just forgot, boss. "I'll be more careful next time," he answered.

"Yes, I guess you will be more careful when you tell it to the judge. He has a very good prescription on 'Watch where you are going.'"

The man then explained to the cop that it was his first trip to town with a car and he just didn't know the traffic laws. The cop could see that he was from the country and was probably telling the truth.

"Well, I'm going to let you off this time, but don't let me catch you again. All cops are not as easy as I am."

Coming to Union Street he turned regardless of the red light which was on just then. Fortune favored him,

there were no cops around to tell him that he had broken another traffic law. On Union the countryman found a place to park his Ford. There he left his car and started out on foot to do some shopping. Two hours later he came back and standing by his car was another policeman.

"Is this your bus?" asked the policeman.

"Yep," replied the countryman. "Kind o' old, but she runs pretty good."

"All right, then run me over here to the Square, if you have time, I have a little business transaction for you."

The countryman, wanting to be obliging, said all right, and under the direction of the policeman they arrived at the police station.

"Parked two hours on Union Street," said the policeman.

"Five dollars," replied the officer in charge.

Then it dawned upon the countryman that he had broken another law. "Well, no use to argue," thought the countryman. He paid the officer his last five dollars, and just as fast as he could—without breaking any of the many traffic laws—he got out of Nashville with a very different opinion from that which he had when he started into the city.

CHESTER MILLER, '28.


Why?

My lady's more than passing fair.
Her eyes with shining stars compare.
Her cheeks like roses in the morn.
A manner sunny as the dawn.
All else about her just as gay
As any sparkling summer day.
But she doesn't care a bit for me,
So why should I write such poetry?

G. MARTIN, '27.

At Hill 240

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

OT usually having much opportunity for deliberate consideration, I cannot resist this scant chance to jot down the sad experiences of my most beloved war-time buddy. He met his end in the big fracas as did many, but he died a hero, and his actions will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to have been in his company and to have had him as an acquaintance.

Carver was his name, "Socks" Carver, or rather that was all I ever knew. His character was strong and outstanding, which gave him a permanent place in the heart of every man in our company, who will always remember his cheery and beaming smile.

"Shorty" Hopkins, the most comical sketch in our company, was an inseparable friend to Socks. Their friendship was what I afterwards learned to be true friendship, which was characterized by loyalty and everlasting love.

We were sent from billets in Varennes, a small town, then only twenty miles from the ferocious fighting in the Meuse-Argonne, up to that sector. This was our first adventure in the big fight, and naturally we were all in a pretty direful mood, especially after we heard that this sector was the scene of some of the hottest fighting yet experienced during the entire war. We rode aboard motor lorries for perhaps half the distance, for we were to be used as hurried reinforcements and were needed immediately.

When we were at last on foot the going was hard, the road was a veritable river of slush and mud, made worse by the passage of supply trucks and ambulances. When we were only about ten miles behind the main front, we heard

the big guns roaring thunderously. Our men were not awarids, but I could plainly see that many were uneasy and nervous. But this was nothing; they were still miles away from the real test. On the way we met a few trucks hauling the slightly wounded men, who were not hurt badly enough to have to wait for the ambulance. We called a rest and one of the trucks stopped at our behest, for we wished to question them in order to obtain a few tips on how matters were progressing. There were six fellows in that truck and despite their wounds I have never seen a happier lot. They related their adventures cheerfully and each told how "Jerry" had slipped him a load of lead when he wasn't looking. Out of mere curiosity I asked one of them if he was glad to be leaving the strife, if only temporarily. He gave me a peculiar look and said:

"Say, buddie, do I look like a damn fool? Listen, man," he rasped, "I'm telling you now, it's hell and that's no joke!"

How true these words proved to be! No one can realize how terrible war is until he personally experiences it. No word picture, twice as terrible as Dante's "Inferno," would half describe the dreadful and atrocious brutality which was outstanding in the late World War.

At last we were entrenched, not half far enough for us from that horrible Hill 240. It was a German stronghold in that sector and played an important part to them in holding their superiority over us. The hill was alive with machine gun nests and snipers. It was worth a man's life to raise his head above the parapet.

The news was rapidly spreading that we were to charge the hill at two the following morning; then suddenly at ten that night, official reports came that our entire sector was to charge at 2 a.m. Excited and hurried preparations ensued, men ran helter skelter, cleaning their rifles and pistols and refilling their ammunition belts. For many it was their last night, and I believe they felt it, for they went around with long and foreboding faces. Shorty particularly seemed in a direful mood. He was gazing intently at a picture. He caressed it fondly and tucked it into his bosom.

At last the zero hour approached. Promptly at two our officers all along the line gave the signal, and just as we stepped over the parapet our heavy artillery began laying down a barrage in front of us. Half crawling, half sneaking snake like on our stomachs, we slipped forward. We were afraid to approach rapidly for fear we would overtake the barrage being laid down by our artillery and be exterminated by it. But at an appointed hour our artillery ceased activities, and arising on foot we strode forward with determination written on every face. Our battalion with another was to attack Hill 240.

I looked around me; two men away Shorty strode forward gallantly. He seemed oblivious to what was going on about him. Next to him marched Socks. A whimsical smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. He seemed happy, happy to be at last in the strife of mortal combat. But although he and Shorty were direct opposites at this moment, they were still the inseparable buddies of old, walking side by side, willing to die for each other if necessary.

Like a bolt out of a clear sky, the enemy machine gunners on Hill 240 broke out with a hellish torrent of hot lead. At a command our men dropped to their stomachs prone upon the ground; but before the order had been given many of them had fallen—heroes! Among those was our beloved Shorty. I turned my head in his direction just as he fell. With a cry, Socks caught him and let him easily to the ground. I crawled carefully to where they were. Socks was leaning over Shorty moaning pitifully. He had died instantly. With a start Socks rose up suddenly, and with a crazed expression in his eyes, gazed toward Hill 240, which was still venomously spitting fire and hot lead.

I have never to this day understood all that happened, but like a shot Socks jumped to his feet. He raised his arms toward the heavens and with a cry of "Damn those Germans!" started on the run toward Hill 240. It took me some seconds to realize his folly. He had set out single-handed to attack that hornet's nest of machine guns. With

a cry I jumped to my feet and went after him, crying to him to stop; but all in vain; he was deaf to my protests. But still determined to stop him before he met Shorty's fate, I set out with all my speed. Before I had covered many yards I felt a burning pain in my left thigh. I fell to the ground with a thud, then unconsciousness overcame me.

The next I knew I was at a dressing station where they administered first aid to my wounded leg. I was informed that I was lucky, for although my wound was not serious, it still would keep me out of active service for a good while; in fact, the Armistice was signed before it fully healed, and I never saw any action again.


It was at the base hospital that I learned of Socks' immortal bravery. I was told that he put twenty-nine machine guns out of commission, killed fifty-six Germans, including fourteen officers, and opened up the gap that permitted our forces to pour in and overwhelm the Germans. Hill 249 was captured and the battle of the Meuse-Argonne was won. But like almost all great heroes he died in action, covered with bravery. He was given an immense military funeral and was presented, posthumously, the D. S. C. and the Croix de Guerre. As I was his closest friend since Shorty was gone, I was entrusted with the safekeeping of his medals.

Today as I sit alone and gaze upon Socks' medals which were won only by gallant fighting, I wonder that heroism is not more immortalized than it really is. It seems pitiful that he should have died after performing such noble deeds, but if friendship is what I really believe it to be, then I know he is better satisfied—just being with Shorty.

WADE PHILLIPS, '27.



The Mystery of My First Automobile

FTER having been bothered by many car salesmen I finally purchased a Ford. I brought my new car home and very proudly invited the family to go riding with me. This was Saturday, so we agreed to take our ride on Sunday.

Sunday came, an extraordinarily pleasant day. "A fine day for our trip," we all said, and after dinner we started for our long drive.

There was much disputing as to where we should go, but finally we all decided to go to the country, where we could enjoy ourselves in the open and get plenty of fresh air.

We were about ten miles from town when we heard a terrible noise, like that of a pistol shot. We all jumped out of the car thinking that we had a blowout, but all the tires were up and the spare tire was still on the back, so we decided that it must have been another car. A little further along we heard the same noise. Then we became frightened. It sounded just like a pistol and we all feared that some one was following us. After quite a bit of hesitation I stopped my car and walked all around it, but still nothing seemed to be wrong. By this time my sisters were terribly frightened. They felt sure somebody was following us. They talked of a suspicious looking man who came to the door begging the day before. He asked for help and my sister told him to go to the charities for help. He had said that he couldn't be bothered with that because he would have to go through too much "red tape." One word led to another until the beggar got so mad that he forgot about his assumed defect in his speech and his lame leg. My sister ended by reporting him to the police. "I just know it must have been him, because he passed by home this morning," said my sister. This statement was heard over and over again.

"But why should he want to kill you for such a trivial thing as that? Well, that's what you get for being so im-

patient to the old gentleman. I guess you will learn better some day, provided you live; but it looks as though you won't have that chance any more."

Just about this time we heard this awful noise again. I had been laughing, but after having heard about the beggar and hearing the noise for the third time, I felt a little scared myself, and instead of stopping, I went straight ahead. We met a farmer along the roadside and told him of this dreadful thing and asked him if we could spend the night there. He said, "Yes." So we spent a restless night thinking of the things that had happened.

We got up in the morning and got in the car and started off when we heard this terrible noise again. The farmer, seeing how frightened we looked, asked what was the matter. We asked him didn't he hear that shot.

Well, I have never seen anyone laugh so much in all my life as that farmer did.

"Why, that—" and he couldn't finish it for laughing. After awhile, however, he stopped laughing long enough to say, "That was a backfire of the motor."

FRANK MAY, '29.

Evolution

FY, Jimmy," shouted Tom from across the street, "Dad is going to take me to the Zoo Sunday afternoon. Would you like to go along?"

"Sure thing," returned Jimmy. "I'll be ready when you all come by. So long. See you Sunday."

That was on Friday. Jimmy looked forward for Sunday to come. Finally after so long a time Sunday rolled around, a warm, sunny day. Jimmy got up bright and early, dressed for Sunday school, and was off in high spirits. He seemed to have forgotten his lesson, for he couldn't answer a single question.

Two bells and the toot of a horn.

"All ready, Jimmy? Then let's go."

At last Jimmy would get to see the Zoo. It was his first visit, so naturally he was very much excited over it.

They spent the whole afternoon going from one cage to another and asking Mr. Holmes a million questions, at least it seemed a million to him.

Monday morning while they were on their way to school Tommy asked Jim which animal he liked best.

"Well," said Jimmy, "it's hard to say, but I guess I liked the monkeys best."

So that was the start of a big argument between the two small boys, Jimmy and Tom.

"Tom," asked Jimmy, quite seriously, "do you believe in evolution?"

"Naw," said Tom. "I know my ancestors were not monkeys. They came over on the Mayflower, because Dad said so."

"Well, I'll bet you a million dollars they were monkeys. My Daddy knows all about monkeys and he said he believed in evolution. Besides, one of those monkeys we saw in the Zoo Sunday looks just like your Dad."

"You can say what you want to, Jimmy, but I know my ancestors didn't come from monkeys, and my Dad don't look like one, either, and if you say he does I'll sock you in your eye."

"Well," replied Jimmy, "you needn't get sore about it. You know it's the truth and your Dad is not the only person I've seen who looks like a monkey. That squatty old man who lives down on Jane Street looks just like a monkey. I'd like to have a picture of him hanging from a limb. Everybody would know it was true then, and if I had your Dad and that old man nobody ever would ask another question about it."

This was too much for Tom and he lit into Jimmy before he knew what had happened. They fought as two small boys can fight without hurting each other very much, wallowing in the dirt mostly. Finally Tom got the best of Jimmy, but after a hard fight. At school they still talked about evolution when the principal asked what they'd been

doing. After some time he found out about the fight. Each one blamed it on the other, much to the amusement of the principal. Neither had started it. He sent them home to change their clothes, but not until he had punished them for fighting.

Tom and Jimmy did not see each other for a whole week except only at school, but when school was out that Friday they made up and evolution was entirely forgotten, for a while at least.

C. MILLER, '28.

Brothers Under the Skin

THEY were not really brothers, of course, but they were, under the skin; and it took the love of the same woman to make them realize it. Jane was her name, and while she was not hard on the eyes, she was a girl that had one weakness and that was having an adventure. She always had a group of admirers at her feet, and she always had them fooled. You know the kind that makes men think she is sweet and innocent.

Don and Frank had always been good friends and now they had grown into husky boys. They were traveling abroad and had reached Rome. By a strange coincidence Jane was visiting this old city at the same time.

Don had met her and had fallen desperately in love, and the two were seen together, Don looking into Jane's brown eyes with a doglike devotion that was kin to worship. She in turn paid him back with a smile that made his heart skip a beat. Then Frank fell for her. Frank the stolid and bashful who, although outwardly cold and indifferent at the proceedings, was inwardly afire with a burning love for Jane. Don and Frank grew further apart as Jane heaped favors upon one and then the other. Each would look up suddenly and catch the other scowling at him.

One night the three were visiting the amphitheater and the moon, shining on Jane's hair and half shadowing her face, made her eyes stand out. She looked as the enchant-

ing women of old had looked when the wild beasts and men had fought centuries ago in the arena.

As Jane mounted into the gallery she paused as if struck by an idea and said, 'If you both love me you can settle it here and I will decide the winner.'

Frank, unable to stand the thing that he had wanted to say for weeks, flung down his cigarette with a shower of sparks and taking off his coat, stood in the middle of the silent ring waiting for Don.

Don was no slower, and as the boys advanced into the middle of the arena Jane clapped her hands and called encouragement to each. They moved with a silent tread, their white shirts clearly visible in the moonlight.

The battle was short and furious. In some way Frank's fist connected with Don's jaw and he dropped like a dog. As Frank looked up and walked over to the gallery there was no pity in Jane's eyes. She smiled a terrible smile and with a mocking laugh slowly turned her thumbs down.

And then, as if in a dream, Frank retraced his steps, bent down and picking up Don in his arms, walked out of the arena. To Jane's ears came Frank's voice, and she heard the word "buddy," and then she realized that they were brothers under the skin.

ALLAN WALKER, JR.

Getting Settled

WHEN James Burling passed on into other surroundings, he left behind a son, a daughter, a lot of ready money, and of greatest importance to him, the island of Kotaki. Jim Burling, Jr., was as good as almost any boy of his age, which incidentally was twenty-four. He had just finished college, and if it is proper for it to be spoken of in this way, his paternal loss came at an opportune time. He had not entered any kind of business, and since he fell heir to the island that his father had so cherished, he decided to go there for the first time. His sister was married, and well taken care of by her large inheritance.

Young Burling knew very little about the island, except that it had been the chief source of his father's income. His father had ordered that he should not sell the island, but that he should keep it and live on its vast resources. Jim was glad of the chance to go to the island, for he had dreams of hunting, fishing, rest and quiet. He was becoming bored with the life he was leading, and it was really necessary for him to learn something of his inheritance. Sotaki was a very fertile island with about two hundred and fifty square miles of land in cultivation. In the jungles there was an abundance of fruit, which constituted a large part of the exports. Tobacco, sugar cane and coffee were easily cultivated and there was a ready market for all. Sotaki, being situated in the South Seas, there was a weekly steamer to take the products to other ports.

When Jim Burling arrived he was thoroughly displeased with the aspects. The heat was almost unbearable, the sun was so glaring that he found it necessary to wear smoked glasses, the natives were very barbarous looking, and there was only one white man there. This man was the caretaker, and he was very loyal to the Burlings. The natives respected him, and as he was considerate of them, every native on the island was his friend. The natives called him Roy, and that was a great strain on them, for any extra exertion on their part was unbearable. The hot climate made it necessary for the work to go on slowly, and a native was never known to hurry on any occasion.

Roy explained some of the points of running the island and Jim learned that the contentment of the native workers was the most important thing.

"No," said Roy, "you can't drive these natives to anything. What they do is what they want to, so don't try to force them. I have never had any trouble with them, and as long as some white person doesn't come around and make trouble, there isn't any."

Roy decided to stay for a year or so if he could stand it. In that time he could learn of the commerce, and be assured that the island was in good hands. Roy was contented

with his own life, and he had a family to keep him company. The cottage in which Jim took up quarters was the typical house of the tropics. It was built on piles about four feet above the ground. The walls were made of small light sticks, firmly bound together. The roof was thatched, but well enough constructed to keep out the heavy rains. The walls were covered with native weapons and ornaments.

The monotony of the life was worse than Jim had expected. The insects in the jungles made hunting too unpleasant, and fishing in the shark-infested water was very little pleasure. He had no interest in the "ukelele ladies," and he began to think of his friends at home.

One day Roy came in and told him of something that relieved him of some of the monotony.

"Jim," he said, "there is a gang of men that come every few days to the far side of the island. They come in a yacht, an old steamer, and when they leave they take most of the money that we give our laborers. The natives kept it a secret from me until this morning, when I asked them what so many were doing over on that side."

"What are they up to?" asked Jim, "gambling or selling liquor?"

"Both," answered Roy. "It seems as though the natives have gotten attached to the liquor that these fellows bring. The light wine that we have here is pretty mild, but these men are making sots out of all the natives. They get them drunk and then get them gambling. When they sober up the men are gone and so are their wages. These white men make a living that way, going from island to island, cheating the natives. The laborers were contented before they came, but now resentment is growing and some of our men are wanting to grab the bunch the next time they come, take all their money and liquor, and then drive them away. If they try that there will be some shooting and a hornet's nest will develop. These natives, once they are started, will not stop until they have killed every man on that ship.

The men ought to be driven away, but there is no need to kill them, even though they are crooks."

"The next time they come, why not pay them a visit ourselves?" asked Jim. "Have some dependable native to watch for them and have him tell us before the others find out that they are there."

"I can," answered Roy, "and you and I can take along a couple of rifles and come to some kind of conclusion at least, but when they find that they have been caught up with they will stay away without any special inducements, I think."

"Well, we can go over there just as soon as they come again, and stop the trouble," said Jim. "I have noticed a few drunks around lately and that is unusual. These men may have started something pretty bad."

Finally word came to them that the ship had arrived at the same place. The two men took their rifles and started on the long trip across the island. They traveled swiftly and luckily they found the harbor before any natives arrived. They reached the beach finally, and to their astonishment several bullets struck the sand near them and the reports of a rifle came to them from the yacht.

"No use to try to fight," said Roy, as they ran to shelter behind some rocks. "They only want us to understand that we are to keep away."

The men saw nothing else to do, so they went back to the port. Their long trip had been a failure, and they had learned that the intruders were hostile.

During the next few days the natives became more ill-natured, and just as he expected, Roy heard the natives plotting to carry out their first intentions. He told Jim what he had overheard, and together they tried to devise a plan of warning the men on the yacht from the incensed natives. They saw that it would be worse than useless to try to argue with the natives.

"This is a United States possession; suppose we try to get some help from a cruiser," proposed Jim.

"The authorities would probably think the matter too trivial for such a long trip," answered Roy. "Suppose we try some method of keeping the natives away."

"I don't think we could," said Jim, "because since they are so determined to get their money back, I don't believe they would stop for anything. Suppose you send word by one of the natives, telling him to get there before any of the others do. He won't be able to read the message, and it will let those fellows know what is about to happen. They don't deserve all this trouble, but these natives would get too rough, and considering the way they use rifles, they would try to stop any trouble on board, but that would be useless with so many natives."

Roy approved of this plan and they gave a runner a message to the men on the ship and sent him to the harbor to wait for their arrival.

The yacht came and the native took the message to them. The men studied over the warning, but decided that it must be a trick to get rid of them. The profits were too large to be so easily let go. They sent back the message, "The natives have such a good time here we know that you invented that story. Send all your men over, but you stay away."

"They will catch it all right," said Roy, "and it will be soon. Let's go over and see the show."

They hurried over the well-worn trail and concealed themselves from the yacht before the first party of natives arrived. From their hiding place they could see the men on the yacht and they seemed to be pretty tough fellows. Soon a few natives came. The yacht steamed up close inside the harbor and they went aboard. Others came and soon they started bringing cases of liquor ashore. Every native seemed in the best of moods until they had lost or spent their money. Then as one they went for the whites. The attack was sudden and the natives had them tied up in a jiffy. There was no time for resistance. They had just been too sure of themselves. The safe was found and rifled of its contents. The remaining liquor was taken ashore


and the yacht was left, its occupants bound. Finally one of them worked the cords loose that held him and he freed the others. They slowly steamed away and never returned.

Jim and Joe watched all this with pleasure. The natives had not been so rough after all, but the ship was not likely to return.

A few months later when the natives had gotten back into their regular routine of work Jim left the island. He had found that it was in good hands and that life in New York was best of all.

D. L. SCOTT, JR., '27.

Restoration

 Last I am alone, alone for the first time in three years with an extensive expanse of time at my disposal. Being thus so fortunate to have solitude as my companion, I have come into this old chapel to jot down a few memories of events that have transpired during the last eight years. Events that have altered my opinion of man, and made me become a detriment to society, events that changed me from this state into one that forms a very striking contrast, that is, a believer in God's truths and a friend to mankind.

Eight years ago I first left my home to be away for some length of time. My father decided to register me as a student at Bormwell College, so that I might pursue my study of literature, in which I had shown remarkable aptitude in preparatory school. I shall never forget my departure; it was a sad one indeed and very much against my wishes because of my love for Anne. Anne was my life. I cherished her above all others. She had inspired me and helped me much since the death of my mother two years prior to this day of departure, and to think that I would not see her for a whole year was something not very pleasing to me.

Upon my arrival at college I immediately went to the hall that had been assigned me in the last letter I had received. Entering my quarters I saw my room-mate, the

man with whom I was to fight the monotony of a year of study. My first impression of him was correct; he was a carefree fellow, and told me that he had not come to college to study but to get away from the "folks," as he had termed his family, and to get a greater "kick" out of life.

After six months of living in close association with this room-mate of mine, I was very much like him, having adopted many of his so-called "collegiate ideas." This new laxity to which I had become accustomed had almost made me forget Anne. My letters to her became less frequent, until at the end of a year she was the least of my thoughts, so I gladly accepted an invitation to stay at my friend's camp in the woods of Maine, not at all desiring to return home to see her.

The next three years of my college life was merely a repetition of the last six months of the first. I returned home only twice during that time, avoiding Anne on both occasions, and when I graduated I was not only a slave to dissipation, but also a confirmed atheist.

My father was very much displeased with me, me of whom he had expected such great things. But even at this he did not deprive me of the trip to Europe he had promised for graduation. Had he refused, however, I would have gone at my own expense, for I had taken my mother's estate into hand since I had become of age, therefore I did not lack sufficient funds for my selfish wanderings.

I traveled the continent from the Atlantic Ocean to Petrograd and back again, and after two years of traveling I settled in Venice with James Swan, an old college chum, who had specialized in foreign commerce and was now employed by an American importer. I chose Venice not only because of my friend's being there, but also because of the American travelers who always come there and often stay for some length of time on account of the beauty and quaintness of the ancient city.

One evening Jim informed me that we were to be guests at a ball given by an American. He said that most of the guests would be Americans since it was late in the sum-

men and many were at that time enjoying the grandeur of the moonlight on the Venetian canals. Having dressed with formality for this gala occasion, we went to the hotel, where we were received with great courtesy.

After a few introductions, I felt as if I were back in America, except for an occasional bit of jabbering from a native guest. It was at this ball that my entire life shifted on a different course.

After a time I wearied of the dancing and went out upon a veranda which overlooked the canal lying as a streak of silver beneath the gorgeous moon. I sought there to rest for a bit, but had been there only a moment when a lady and her escort came out and sat on the banister of the veranda some distance from where I was reclining. The lady I noticed to be very beautiful, for she was plainly visible in the moonlight. I looked at her for some minutes and was already desirous of seeking an introduction, when I found that her companion was none other than my friend Jim. I did not hesitate but boldly walked over to Jim who upon seeing me was quite confused when he tried to present me to his friend and found he had forgotten her name. She very hastily said, however, upon his apologies, that it did not matter about names, as we would probably never meet again, so she would just be called anything I saw fit to deem her. I called her Grace, for I had thought only of her grace since my first sight of her standing in the moonlight. Before the evening had flown I was not satisfied with the mere name of Grace. I was eager to know her better. She would not grant my wish, but I managed to make an appointment with her for the next evening.

That night when I went to my apartment I could not sleep. I had fallen in love with this beautiful creature whom I called Grace, and about whom I knew nothing except that she was my conception of beauty and loveliness combined. I had a vague memory that I had known someone like her before, but the thought of how wonderful she had looked drove it from my mind. I had never known

anyone like her. I even thought of Anne, whom I could scarcely remember.

The next evening at six she was at the appointed place with a gentleman whom she called uncle, who left us upon my arrival. I had little desire for food and was very much delighted when she suggested that we engage a gondola for the evening. It was not until we were afloat on the green waters of the canal, which were shimmering in the moonlight, that I had an opportunity to question her and find out her identity. She would not talk of that, however, but began saying something of how wonderful God was to make the world so beautiful, and of how she could not understand why people could doubt the existence of an Almighty Creator. Although I had long ago convinced myself that there was no God, I could not refrain from pondering on what she said, and finally concluded that there was logic in her convictions. It was while I was brooding over this that she startled me by saying that she had known me before. Foolishly I laughed, because I thought that I surely would never have lost sight of her if this were true. Then came the words that not only bewildered me but made me gaze into the crystal waters of the canal and see memories of my youth; these words were:

"My name is Anne."

In confusion I said, "There are many Annes. Where did you know me?" She then told me the story of my youth, even better than I could have done.

After she had proven herself to be the Anne I had known long ago, in haste I tried to apologize for my inattentiveness by telling her that my studies had kept me from writing. I half muttered, half spoke, and in my confusion said everything but the right thing. She seemed to be amused at my perplexity and laughed sarcastically.

She then told me of her life since I had left. She had pursued her study of art and had only recently completed her course in Paris with great success. She also seemed to be in love, for she was returning to America in a week, as she had promised a friend, an artist like herself, that

she would take up her work with him. In this plan seemed to be her whole existence, for this friend was her suitor. When I tried to tell her I loved her she would not listen and did not seem to mind my look of anguish.

A week later I followed her to America and then to Boston, but in all that while I did not receive the slightest encouragement, until she had begun her work with her friend who was a very fine man and seemed to be very deeply in love with her.

One beautiful Autumn morning she consented to go with me for a drive into the country. During the course of this drive, I asked her if I might ever look forward to having her or must I perish in despair without her. She seemed to be touched but still remained unbroken in her attitude towards me. She proposed that I go back to my home and at the end of six months she would write me her answer.

The next day I left with the cold parting that sent me on the journey with little hope of ever regaining her admiration. At home I had no one who might console me, not even anything I could do to help me gain my prize. So I turned to God whom I had renounced, and after a time I was enlightened. There came into my soul a peace that had been absent throughout my years of idle living. Sometimes I prayed frantically, sometimes peacefully, and at last my prayers became so fervent that I was sure God would grant me my wish.

This morning I received a letter from Anne. She tells me that she loves me better than anything on earth, and that I must wait one month longer, then she will come to me.

I am overjoyed at the outcome of my years of folly, and I come forth not only as a lover of God, but also of the God of Lovers.

WADE PILLIPS, '27.

The Climbers



DOWN on Rowdy Row in the heart of the poorer section of one of the larger Eastern cities, namely New York, in a dilapidated five-story, cooped-up tenement house lived the hard-working Pat McCarthy with his "fat-woman-in-the-circus" wife and two children, Martha, aged eighteen, and "Mickey," aged sixteen years.

At the present time Pat was engaged in work at his own garage, which had from a small one-room shack, gradually grown larger and larger into a one-story spacious, fire-proof garage, and was growing larger all the time for Pat had an ideal location, which he had bought for a song when property was cheap. Pat McCarthy's one ambition was to be a success in life and to be respected among his fellow men; to acquire this end he toiled everlastingly. Besides his garage interests he was secretly working on an improvement for automobiles which would revolutionize the whole automobile industry.

But in this wide world nothing can be kept secret. A band of Wall Street brokers and financiers somehow learned of this experiment which was being carried on by McCarthy and realizing its importance and money-making possibilities tried all means imaginable to secure some sort of plan or drawings of McCarthy's experiment, not even stopping at employing ruffians to seize him, beat him and search him thoroughly. But Pat, even though he was an Irishman, had sense in his head, and expected something of the sort; therefore he never carried any plans or traces of the experiment on his person.

There was only one person in on the secret besides Pat and this was his faithful employe Jerry McCorkle, whom Pat had found a waif of the streets, had taken him home, and raised him with his own two children. Jerry was a likeable sort of fellow, always merry and gay, full of life and Irish wit. He had fallen for Martha when they were kids at school, her soft, warm eyes and beautiful brown hair

had made him her willing slave, and this love of his for her had never glimmered but continuously burned in a strong, bright flame. Martha also loved Jerry but did not show it quite as much as Jerry, for she knew the ways of a man. Another Mickey, he and Jerry were the closest of pals, "thick as jelly," as he put it. Mrs. McCarthy was the typical Irish woman, good natured, forever smiling, kind-hearted, shiny faced, and round as a barrel. Her one ambition was along the same line as that of her husband Pat, to reach the heights of the social ladder and mingle among the "swells" of the four hundred.

A few weeks passed and the McCarthys at last realized their long sought for ambition. The improvement had succeeded and Pat was sitting easy for the rest of his days. The model had been submitted to the largest automobile concern in that part of the country and had been immediately taken up. The company had offered him a cash price, a large sum, but yet not half the value of the invention; but Pat had a business brain and preferred the royalties off his invention.

The day on which Pat received word from the company was Saturday, a very busy and profitable day, but he, overjoyed by the good news and his views of the future, dismissed his employees, secured the first automobile in his garage, and together with Jerry hastened home, breaking all traffic rules absolutely. The car had hardly stopped when they both jumped out, rushed into the tenement house, and started up the five long flights of stairs, taking two steps to one hop.

"Maggie! Maggie! Everybody!" he shouted breathlessly, as he reached the top of the stairs, followed close behind by Jerry.

"Whatsa matter?" asked Mrs. McCarthy, a bit uneasy, not having previously been informed of her husband's invention.

"Matter! Why me dear wife," he answered, joy written all over his face, "we're rich! And there be the whole

story," showing her the letter which he had just that morning received.

"Blessed be the saints!" she exclaimed after having read over the letter which Pat had showed her. "Now there be no more working for Maggie McCarthy. I'll have me shoffers and maids and everything," and she executed a few steps of the jig.

"What's all this?" asked Martha, running in and seeing her father and Jerry at home at that time of the day.

"Look here," explained Jerry, who showed her the letter.

"Hot pup!" she cried from joy, after she had read it, and then mimicking one of the four hundred, "bawly weather, yaas?"

By this time Mickey was roused by the bedlam of conversation that was going on and he was also soon made aware of the recent trend of fortune. The whole McCarthy family was naturally overjoyed and excited by the success of Mr. McCarthy's invention, and were eagerly discussing plans for the future. Jerry was the only restrained one among them, for he had no connection with the family and expected nothing except his accustomed salary as an employee. However, McCarthy was not that sort of fellow but shared everything with Jerry, who helped him complete and preserve his invention, and considered him a member of the family.

A few weeks passed, the McCarthys had purchased a home in the neighborhood of the cream of society. Pat McCarthy was no longer known, but in its place was Patrick Aloysius Macarthy, Esquire. The name had not yet been placed on the social register, but Mrs. Macarthy was seeing to that end with a ball in mind upon their entrance into society, which would be the most beautiful and picturesque affair of the year.

The ball was one week off. For the whole month Mrs. Macarthy had been planning and decorating for the greatest social function of the year. All day long the phones kept ringing and the doors kept slamming and everything

was in a great hubbub. The decorators were kept coming and going, cooks were interviewed, and servants were hired. Modistes and tailors were snipping and ripping, cutting and sewing, producing wearing apparel for the Macarthays. It seemed indeed that it would be the greatest entertainment of the year.

At last the great night came. The guests began arriving a little earlier than usual, eager to glimpse the hostess and host of so brilliant an affair. The children and Jerry were on hand, too, seeing to the entertainment of the guests. The hostess was charming, that is, as far as appearances were concerned, dressed in a shimmering cloth of silver and bedecked with glittering stones; urged by the tight corsets from the beauty shop she even seemed a bit slim. As for the host he was the model of fashion, for the first time in his life in a tuxedo and winged collar.

If the ball could have gone on without anyone speaking it would have been a brilliant success; but the hosts had to speak and then and there the affair was ruined. Unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Macarthy had not consulted a book of etiquette and knew very little, if even anything at all about the customs and traits of the higher set.

After the introductions had ceased, the ball began. Neither Pat nor Maggie had ever danced before except the steps of their native country which are far different from these, nor was their dancing successfully accomplished. Pat, who in the early part of the evening had visited the punch bowl too frequently, was not himself, and during one of his sprees endeavored to induce a motherly lady to teach him the "Blackbottom." At this many of the guests felt insulted and began leaving at once.

"To ye room, Pat McCarthy," ordered the fuming Maggie, forgetting herself for a moment and losing her assumed poise, "Oh ye man, what will I do?"

"Love and (hic) kishes—,"

"Get out of here, you drunken mule," she ordered.

"How dry I am—."

At last her patience was drained, she grasped her husband by the arm and dragged him out of the room, many guests gathering to see. Learning the cause of the disorder, the guests at once prepared to depart.

But while the ball was an absolute failure, one person was the happiest in the world, and that was Jerry McCorkle. All during the evening he had tagged behind Martha, following her from one place to another and had finally succeeded in inducing her to walk with him through the gardens. The moon was in its glory, sending from far, far above its radiant light on the two lovers. The stars twinkling and shining brightly seemed to withhold some secret from the world, and the wind blowing softly through the trees murmured sweet songs to the two. They stopped at the pool and watched the trickling water, the magic of the surrounding atmosphere held them spell bound.

"I love you!" he whispered softly into her ear, as if not to break the magic spell, as he seized her in his arms.

His lips sought hers; they kissed.

"I love you too," she murmured at length.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. She assented. Had he not reason to be happy?

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Begorra! By the Saint Pathrick, just look, you fool, what the paper says about you and our ball," sighed Mrs. Macarthay the next morning. And there in fine print was the item:

"Not only was the "parthy" last evening given by the Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Aloysius Macarthay remarkable from beginning to end, but in order to entertain the guests a battle was staged between the host and the hostess, in which the hostess was victor."


"See what you did; you started it all."

"Hush, Pat McCarthy, or I scull ye."

The McCarthys, unsuccessful in climbing the social ladder, immediately after Jerry and Martha's wedding, made an extended voyage to Europe, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McCorkle, in order to try their ability in climbing the Alps.

MANUEL VALASKE, '28.

The Call of the Wild

 LFRED DEAN was a perfect specimen of a city youth. He had never been in the country except on a train and so for that reason he decided that he would take a short camping trip in the Maine woods during the coming summer.

Al, as he was known by his friends, was also a perfect specimen of egotism, and thinking that he knew all about camping he decided to make the trip by himself, just to show his father, who thought he was a lounge lizard, what he could do. Now Al's father was a man who had spent the greater part of his youth in the country and had come into the city at the age of twenty. Endowed with a marvelous business instinct, he had at middle age become a prominent figure in his home town, and now in the latter years of his life had amassed a considerable fortune. He hated to see his son grow to be a tea-hound and a loafer, but remembering the hard times he had had in his own youth he was loath to refuse money when his son asked him for it. So when Al asked his father's permission to "rough it" for a while, it was granted with pleasure.

Came summer and with it the day of Al's departure. All his friends were gathered at the station to wish him a good trip and see him off. Al's father smiled and offered to bet his son one hundred dollars that he would not stay a full week in the woods. Al took the bet, saying that it was "easy money off the old man," and kissing his mother, who protested loudly "savage country" all alone, he boarded the train and stood on the observation platform waving adieu until he was lost from sight around a curve in the track.

Three days later Al got off a dinkey train at a small station marked Pike Landing. No one was in sight except a drowsy old station keeper, whose station looked more like a lean-to than anything else.

"Is this a very wild part of the country?" asked Al in a gruff voice.

The old station master looked Al over, guessing at a glance that he was a greenhorn, and then sat back in his chair and proceeded to fill and light his huge pipe before he answered.

"Wall, there's been two bears, five wolves and no end of wildcats killed 'bout here lately."

"What!" yelled Al, beginning to get cold feet at the very start. "How soon does another train leave this place?"

"Not for two days at least," replied the old man, smiling to himself.

"Well, I am not going to stay around this joint for two days, so I guess I will have to strike out and do my camping in these parts anyway," said Al with a groan.

The scene has changed from morning to dusk and our hero, some fifteen miles from the station is just emerging upon the shores of a beautiful lake. The sky is over-clouded and the distant thunder warns him that he must make camp. The spot pleases him, so he sets about to find a suitable place to set up his pup tent.

Casting his eyes about, Al saw a small gulley leading down to the lake. It was just about as wide as his tent so Al proceeded to set it up in the bed of the gully.

It was a rotten job at the best, fastened down with pegs that were about an inch long and not strong enough to hold a sack. The job finished, however, Al set about preparing supper and thinking about wolves and bears. Knowing nothing of wildcats he considered them no more than a stray tabby cat and was convinced that he could seize one by his tail and toss him into the nearest briar patch.

After a valiant effort he succeeded in making away with about half of the vile supper he had prepared, and crawling into his tent he rolled up in his blanket and began to dream of his soft bed at home.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when the storm broke, and Al, sleeping in the bed of the gully soon awoke to find himself lying in the middle of a small torrent rush-

ing towards the lake. Springing up he saw with the aid of his flashlight, his camping outfit being washed out of the tent and down the gully. He was at loss whether to follow and try to regain it or remain in the tent, when suddenly two of the pegs on one side of the tent were jerked loose by the wind and that side of the tent began to flap up and down. That decided him. He would rather lose his outfit than be left uncovered to the storm. He seized the loose part of the tent and set about keeping the entire thing from blowing away.

Presently Al became aware that he was going to have a visitor, for standing in the darkness near the front of the tent he could make out an animal about two feet high which seemed to be seeking shelter from the storm. In the darkness Al couldn't make out any particulars of the animal except that he didn't seem to have any tail. The beast proceeded to enter the tent and was lost to sight in the darkness within. Soon Al heard a sniffing at his elbow and scared almost out of his senses he made a wild swing at his unseen guest. A terrifying wail split the air, and Al felt a set of claws tear through his shirt and lay open several deep gashes in his arm, for the poor beast, seeking shelter, in a supposedly safe place from the storm had smelled something strange nearby and had proceeded to investigate, when suddenly, from the surrounding darkness a terrific blow had been landed upon its ear, wherefore he proceeded to give vent to his feelings as best he could with his vocal chords and make a wild slap at this unseen monster and seek the nearest opening, in which act he was almost trampled upon by something else that seemed to be in a terrible hurry to leave the vicinity. Al did not need to be told that this was a wildcat and of a very different temper from what he had imagined one would be.

Having surrendered his shelter to the trespasser, who he thought was still under its cover, Al retreated to the protection of some giant fir trees that grew on top of the small ridge that overlooked the lake. There he sat and shivered

the rest of the night, groaning and cursing in spells the fates that had ever led him to undertake this wild venture.

The sun had risen above the top of the ridge. All the clouds had disappeared, and the morning sky was of a deep blue, the shade of blue that comes only after a storm. The smooth lake was reflecting in its mirror-like surface the trees upon its shores while here and there along the edges could be seen light splashes as trout struck at unwary flies. Far out from shore could be seen the half submerged remains of Al's tent where it was blown by the storm.

Our hero was awakened from a light sleep into which he had fallen, since the first light of morning had appeared, by a species of barking, heard in an adjoining ravine. His worst fear was coming true, a timber wolf was after him. Suddenly with a bound a huge wolf topped the ridge and stood not five yards off. Al sprang to his feet but was unable to move farther. His voice and his heart become entangled in his throat so he could not cry out. Then the monster, grinning terribly, rushed upon him and knocked him down.

Al couldn't have moved if he had wanted to as the huge brute stood astride of him. He could feel his hot breath in his face and every minute he expected to feel the cruel jaws close on his throat. Suddenly he heard a human voice cry out:

"Here, you! Stop hurting my dog."

At this the wolf sprang away from Al and ran towards the sound. Slowly Al sat up and looked in the direction the monster had taken. Could it be true, or was he seeing things, for there stood the terrible wolf beside a man who was patting him on his head. Then it dawned upon Al, this was no wolf but only a police dog.

"What are you doing here?" asked the stranger coming up.

"I came up here to camp in these woods where it is wild. But what are you doing out here so far from civiliza-

then?" said Al, arising from the ground where he had been knocked by the playful dog.

"Wild? Far from civilization?" queried the stranger. Then suddenly he broke out into a loud laugh. "My boy, my summer home is just around the promontory, and if you will come with me I will see that you get cleaned up and a change of clothes."

"I thought your dog was a wolf," said Al, who was in a daze over the sudden change of affairs.

"No, Fido and I are out for our morning walk. Fido here wouldn't hurt a fly, he only wanted to play with you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Alfred Dean, Jr."

"Why I know your father well. I have had several very friendly business relations with him. You are more than welcome to my home as long as you wish to stay."

But Al did not wish to stay, and as soon as he was clean once more he borrowed his host's car and went over to the station of White Bluff which was only about one mile from where he had spent the night and sent the following telegram:

Dad:

The city is much safer than these damn woods. Wire money for return trip immediately. You win bet; but please rush up the railroad fare.

Al.

MOULTRIE BALL, '27.



Sticking It Out

WHEN Stuart Hayes was asked to leave school because of failure on his part to keep up in his classes, he refused to take it seriously. Stuart didn't seem to care at first; he could easily enter college somewhere else. He went home cheerfully, and as his father was out of town he planned not to tell anyone until he returned. The crowd that Stuart went with did not hold it against him, for most of them had nearly been asked to quit also. The father did not return until several days after his son's dismissal. Stuart thoroughly enjoyed himself those few days. He was only a freshman and life was no burden to him.

Finally Mr. Hayes returned. That night Stuart approached him in the library of his home. "Dad," he said, "I got kicked out of school a few days ago. It didn't amount to much, but the profs seemed bent on getting rid of me."

Mr. Hayes left the room without replying, and to Stuart it seemed that he was very unconcerned about it. In a few minutes Mr. Hayes returned. "What have you been doing for the last four days?" he asked.

"Oh, not anything much, just taking a little rest before I start in somewhere else," answered Stuart.

Then the storm broke. "That's what the trouble is now," he raged. "You haven't been doing anything but resting since you started into college. I have talked with your mother and she agrees with me. You have lost four valuable days. You should have been hunting work, for you'll need it now."

"But, Dad, you surely don't mean that?" began Stuart.

"Yes, I mean just that," interrupted Mr. Hayes. "You are going to get a job tomorrow, if you can find one; and if you intend to stay here, you can start paying some board. And next, don't mention my name in finding work. You have already been ruined by my name and my money."

Stuart hardly knew what to say or do. The next morning he set out to find a position. This would have been

way if he could have used for a pull his father's reputation, but after he had been instructed not to do so, things became more complicated. He was only nineteen, but he had enough pride not to try to beg off. As he had not any commercial training, he was refused at several places. Finally in desperation he applied at the railroad shops, and then he was given a position as a helper. Though his salary was very small, he determined not to stay at his father's house. He put a few of his clothes, and without even a word to his mother, he rented a room near the shops. He decided to try to forget his friends and save some money. These things bothered him up surprisingly. After several days he became more used to the hard work, but he was sick at heart of the dirt, rough crowds, uncomfortable living and, most of all, the loneliness. He stuck it out, nevertheless, and never once thought of going back.

In the large city there was not much chance of his father finding him, and Stuart did not want them to know where he was, anyway.

At home Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were really worried over him. Mr. Stuart was not really as firm as he had appeared to be regarding his son.

"You certainly did wrong to tell him that I agreed with you," repeated Mrs. Hayes for the twenty-fifth time. "He didn't even tell me goodbye, because he thought that we didn't care what became of him. If he had come to see me before he left I would not have let him go."

"I guess he has had enough work by now," said Mr. Hayes, "and I can easily get him back into school; but we don't know where to find him. He has lasted better than I thought he would."


Trouble was approaching Stuart. One morning as he was forging a piece of steel a large emery wheel broke that was running at a high rate of speed about twenty feet away from him. A fragment struck him a glancing blow on the head. The ambulance was called and he was rushed to the hospital, where he was examined and pronounced not seriously injured. No one knew him and he was placed in a

charity ward. After a space of two days, during which he could not talk, or else did not wish to, he was recognized by one of his old crowd, who was injured by a bottle at a "party." He had to sober up before anything was learned of him, and it was then that he recognized Stuart.

When Stuart awoke his father and mother were with him. Mr. Hayes was so proud he could hardly express himself. "When the railroad found out who you were they sent a lawyer to me offering to compromise with enough to let you finish college," he said, "and I hope that the piece of emery wheel that they took out of your head will leave an open place for some knowledge to enter."

D. L. SCOTT, JR., '27.

Primrose Pavilion

TRAWBERRY preserves bubbled on the stove. Sarah Anne Parkins, tenderly watching over the mixture, was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. It was not the Parkins' number, but that didn't matter on the party line.

"The dance pavilion is burning, and—"

Sarah Anne did not wait to hear more, but flew out of the door and down to the front gate. The small town of Bridgeton could easily be seen from this point. The main road had been quiet all morning, but now there was a rattling of automobiles and wagons.

The burning of the dance pavilion was not of especial interest to Sarah Anne, so she turned around and went back to her cooking. She wasn't going to let a mess of preserves burn up just to watch something burn that should have burnt before it was ever built. Besides, Jed would tell her all about it when he came back from the creamery.

She heard the sound of a car coming up the lane. The fire must be over and that would be Jed coming back. Didn't sound like Jed. His motor ran smoother. She reached the door just in time to see Parson Grey approaching.

"Come round to the front parlor, Parson Grey," she said.

"Let's sit down right here, Sarah," he said, gently. "I'm not staying long, but I've come to put a charge on you, Primrose Pavilion is burned to the ground."

"Yes," she answered, puzzled.

"It must not be rebuilt; it was the devil's den and your husband owned it."

"I don't believe it."

"I wouldn't lie to you, Sarah Anne, and I put a charge on you to see that it is never rebuilt," said Parson Grey.

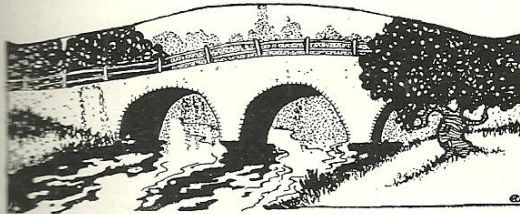
She stood rigid as he climbed into the car and drove away. Jed Parkins aiding the devil in his work. What a piece of her mind she'd give him. Sarah Anne Parkins' husband running a dance hall and sitting in a church pew every Sunday just as if he didn't know it.

Presently Jed arrived and she showered him with a volley of red hot language. Jed knew the best thing to do was to let her keep on talking until she couldn't.


He crossed quietly to a chair and dropped in it, dead with exhaustion. As she looked at him she noticed that his face was cut. The cotton and iodine was on the shelf. She reached for it and then paused. Her next bullet came in a whisper:

"Jed," she said, "Jed Parkins, was that pesky contraption insured?"

RICHARD MORRIS, '28.



Money and the Criminal

HE scene is laid in a large criminal court. The characters are two men, both on trial for a like offense, murder. The only difference between the two is that one is rich. The curtain rises on the trial of the poor man.

After much argument—Bam! The gavel strikes the judge's desk. The judge has just given the order for the jury to retire and render a decision, "Guilty or not guilty." The court room, filled with spectators, is silent. The accused is awaiting his fate, freedom or death.

The foreman of the jury comes in and the judge calls for silence. "Your Honor, we find the accused guilty of first degree murder." The judge then speaks, "John Doe, you have heard the verdict. As a penalty I sentence you to be hanged until dead." With these fatal words the trial is over.

Now, let us look at the trial of the rich man. The scene is the same, the same judge, the same jury and the same spectators.

Bam! The gavel has sounded again. The judge again orders the jury to retire and render a decision. The accused man is occupying the same chair that the poor man occupied before him.

But, while the accused is awaiting his fate, a satisfied smile is seen upon his lips. Photographers are taking his picture in order to make a hero out of him. The attendants in the court room do everything for his comfort. Even the judge shows a certain partiality towards him. Why does he receive such treatment? Did he not commit the same crime the poor man was sentenced for? Come nearer and I will tell you, "He has money."

The jury reappear upon the scene; once more the foreman starts his speech with "Your Honor," but this time the verdict is different. It is, "Your Honor, we find the accused guilty of murder in the first degree, but we beg that only a life sentence be given, because he was insane at the time

the act was committed." The judge then says, "Richard, you have heard the jury. I will, in penalty for your deed, sentence you to life imprisonment." Thus the case is over.


But is it over? Far from it. The prisoner appeals to a higher court, and after a long delay finally he appeals it to the Supreme Court, and after more delayed justice (?) the Supreme Court turns him loose.

You may ask him how he did it? Well, to be truthful, he did not do it; it was his money.

From the above, one from thousands of similar trials, it is clearly shown that money rules the courts as well as business. If money were forgotten when a man is on trial the guilty ones would be hanged and the crime wave of the United States would rapidly disappear.

JNO. H. CONNOR, '27.

Twilight Falls

 AUGUST NEVENS had a good job with a contractor. He was trusted by his employer to do things that the ordinary negro could not do. He was the foreman of a number of negro masons. Late one evening his boss, Mr. Warwick, came to the house where August was working. He looked over the necessary details of the construction, and as it was quitting time for the laborers, he offered to drive August home, since he was himself going in that direction.

"Yes, sah, Mistah Warwick, I'd suah like dat ride. I'se mighty tired," answered August, on receiving the invitation to ride in the flivver.

"Well, I am ready, so let's go," said Mr. Warwick, and they drove off. They had ridden several blocks when suddenly Mr. Warwick said, "By the way, I left some blueprints in that old house where I am doing the remodeling that I spoke of, and I will have to get them tonight, for I have an appointment to show them to the owner. We will have to drive by and get them."

When they reached the house August saw that it was a large, dark-looking, uninhabited mansion. It was placed far back from the street, and as it was in the suburbs there were no other houses near. August had often noticed this old house, and it was reputed to be haunted. It was almost dark now, and he was totally unprepared for the request that came.

"August, the front door is unlocked; run in and get the prints for me. They are in a back room on the right of the hall, upstairs," said Mr. Warwick. "They are on the window-sill."

August hesitated. He didn't want to appear cowardly before his employer, but he didn't want to disappear into any haunted house at night. "Mistah Warwick," he asked, "ain't dis heah house said to be hanted?"

"Why, yes, I believe I have heard some say that it is, but that doesn't bother you, does it, August?" asked the contractor.

"Yes, sah—I mean, no sah," answered August.

"You are not afraid, are you, August? Very well, I shall get them myself." Mr. Warwick started to get out of the car.

"Never you mind," said August. "Guess I can get dem," and he started up the walk. He boldly opened the door and stepped in. The darkness threw a damper over him immediately. "Golly," he whispered, "it suah am dark." He walked through the hall and found an old, heavy, carved staircase. It creaked unpleasantly, and the dark surroundings appeared extremely alarming to August. He hurried through the hall, where there was some building material that was to be used in the reconstruction. He went into the back room and looked around for the roll of papers. There were several windows in the room and somehow in looking for the right one he saw the full moon rising above the trees. The window he was looking through was to his left, and he saw the moon over his left shoulder. "Ef I evah gets out of dis house alive I'se goin' to always believe in rabbit foots," he murmured, and he reached for his rab-


hit-foot watch charm. It was gone. He grabbed the blue-prints. His feet would not work slowly, although he had no desire for them to. As he ran down the hall he put his eyes on the top of the stairs. On the opposite side of the hall from the stairs there was a large piece of timber leaning against the wall. There was a piece of rope under one end of it, the other end of which had been accidentally left in front of the stairs. August's flying feet caught in this rope and the piece of timber fell with a crash, echoing through the empty house. August rolled the entire length of the stairs. He jumped up and started toward a spot of light that he supposed was the door. He was stopped in his mad rush with a blow that seemed to strike him all over. It would be hard to say whether August was knocked senseless or whether he had fainted from fright. At any rate, he did not know anything else until Mr. Warwick shook some life into him.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" asked Mr. Warwick. "I heard a crash, a rolling noise and another crash, and then when I come to investigate I find you knocked out, and judging from the looks of that mirror you must have a head like a battering-ram."

August looked up at the broken mirror which he had mistaken for the door and he groaned in pain and disgust.

D. L. SCOTT, '27.

The Life of a Recruit

 THE life of a recruit is a hard one. That is, it is hard until he has outgrown the "rookie" stage. He always gets the hardest tasks, the worst quarters, and is always last in the mess line.

He endures untold agonies while drilling, such as blisters on the feet, commonly called "ailing doggies," ill-fitting clothes, thirst and hunger. He receives all the abusive language that is possible from the drill sergeants and cor-

porals. In other words, life is a torment until he is no longer a "rookie."

The first stage in "rookie" life is the cleaning of his equipment. He must have all of his equipment spotless. After cleaning his equipment he is taught how to roll his pack and how to attach his canteen and bayonet to his cartridge belt. All this is generally taught them by a hard-boiled sergeant who never compliments but is always cursing.

The recruits are then taught to drill. They are taught first to stand at attention. After this they are taught the facings, such as right and left face and about face, also right and left dress. After several days of this they are formed into squads and are taught squad movements, which is the basis of all drills. He is here the target of much abusive language from the drill sergeant. Squad movements are very complicated and require constant practice to become perfect. After squad drill comes platoon drill. A platoon generally consists of three or four squads drilling together, generally commanded by a lieutenant. Then comes company drill. A company consists of two or three platoons and is commanded by the captain of the company.

During the recruit stage a great many jokes are played on the innocent recruit. Some one may send him to the Colonel's tent for a "skirmish line," or again some one will send him over to headquarters for "the cannon report." Generally the one he is sent to for such a line or report sends the recruit on to someone else until he has run all over the camp looking for them.

After getting out of the recruits, life becomes more agreeable. He catches on to the hooks and crooks of army life and is soon "razzing" new recruits himself.

J. D. PATTON, '28

The National Oratorical Contest

It would have been expecting a good deal for M. B. A. to win the State contest in oratory two years in succession, yet the State honors for last year and the Nashville honors for this year are fairly considerable.

William Mogan's victories of last year took him to the National semi-finals; Moultrie Ball's effort of this spring won him the local medal and sent him to the State contest in Chattanooga as representative of the Nashville district. Although the State championship was awarded elsewhere on that occasion, the school has nothing to regret in the fight staged by its representative. He spoke well and maintained throughout the best traditions of M. B. A. Next year M. B. A. will be ready again with another entry in this contest, and if another man wins, well, he will deserve it.

There have been four of these contests held in Tennessee. In the first, at the district meet, the judges first reported the M. B. A. representative tied with another for the honor. In the second year M. B. A. lost; in the third year we won the State honors, and in the fourth the victory in the Nashville district.

THE MEANING OF THE CONSTITUTION TODAY

The pages of history today are but a record of man's struggle for government. Taught by experience that anarchy and rule of strength could furnish no certain security towards the peace and happiness which they desired, painfully and blindly groping their way through the shadows, distrusting themselves, men surrendered themselves and their rights, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes under compulsion, to those persons who seemed to tower above the level of the masses. Although pierced here and there by rays of confidence and light, the early pages of human history are more often a vast gloom.

Indeed, history is but a great evolution of government, an evolution representing the yearning of the human race

for many centuries. In it are wrapped some of the world's greatest tragedies, where empires have crumbled into shapeless ruin and desolation. Slowly from this turmoil a path began to form, leading from darkness into light, towards the hopes of the masses and the dreams of the philosophers. This was a belief in the possibility of democratic government. Fruitful for a time under favorable conditions among two great nations of antiquity, this principle took firm root among the English people, who, sane, practical, clear-thoughted and devoted to personal liberty, were willing and able receivers of it. For the English race, the doom of tyranny was sealed under the Stuart kings, yet during the reign of King George the Third one last vain effort was made an English monarch to regain the old personal power, which effort cost Great Britain her American colonies. Goaded by unjust and un-English taxation and oppression, they revolted and secured their independence.

After seven years of disunion eleven States sent delegates to Philadelphia to put into operation some form of federal government under which it would be possible to live. "The entire body was of English descent and traditions." They were the very best that America, nay, even the world, could offer. For four months they sat behind the closed doors of the Independence Hall and put together piece by piece, bit by bit, with infinite care, that great masterpiece, the Constitution.

When this assembly met and looked about for some government on which they might pattern their own, they were unable to find at any time of earlier history a form that could be adapted to their own conditions. And then the sanity of their race asserted itself. They fell back upon their own resources. Not according to the pattern of another race or another time did they build, but from their own experience and their own faith. They found that they had among themselves the makings of a government, and from the constitutions of the several States they gleaned the material for their Constitution. This master-

piece of government represents the development and perfection of the instincts of the race.

The Constitution is one of the simplest yet one of the strongest forms of government that has ever been devised. It is not a set of laws, but a set of principles from which laws are derived. Its brevity is one main factor of its success; its balanced powers is another; while its capacity for amendment enables it to adapt itself to the necessities of the changing times. Perfect? No, yet embodying in its simple lines the greatest assurance of government ever afforded to man.

Nothing in human history stands alone. Events and occurrences of the present have roots that strike deep into the past. What we are today depends largely upon what we were yesterday. It is all a part of the great evolution. In the same manner the Constitution of today has its sources, not only in our nation, but in our race, and when the instincts of a race find great expression, they are for that race, at any rate, most durable and most to be trusted. For one hundred and thirty-eight years this Constitution, the embodiment of representative democracy, has withstood all the tests of peace and the shocks of war, and has come forth unchanged in any marked degree from its original form.

Let us turn our eyes elsewhere to other governments of the world. Practically everywhere we find chaos and confusion, anarchy and communism, unrest and revolution. Governments fall over night and on their ruins new ones arise, no stronger or more stable than their predecessors. Asia is in the throes of a mighty revolution of which God knows what will be the issue. But America, guarded by the Constitution, how different is her lot! Prosperity and wealth, progress and industry, confidence and contentment are ours. The laboring classes, the usual seat of discontent, desire no change; they realize the superior conditions of the life they enjoy and the opportunities which are theirs; and blind are those who would seek to mutilate or destroy the mighty instrument which has made this



possible. As Cicero said of the Roman state, "As it was a most beautiful thing for your forefathers to hand down to you so glorious an empire, see to it lest it be a most disgraceful thing for you not to be able to watch over and preserve that which you have received."

Citizens of America, in our Constitution lies our strength in the past and our hope for the future. Our fathers looked up to it for their protection and the furthering of the welfare of themselves and their posterity. They regarded it with confidence, reverence, nay even awe. They have honored this shrine of liberty. Let us be on our guard, so that may never be considered a restraint to freedom which is the very heart of freedom itself.

Yet the Constitution is only what we make it. It was sown in fertile ground and we are now reaping the harvest in the peace and general welfare of our country. Since it sprang from patriotism, devotion and high moral purpose, these qualities are still necessary among us to maintain it. Let us draw it closer to us. Let us protect it, if necessary, with our blood. Fostered thus, when the dark clouds of chaos gather on the horizon and the distant thunders of revolution rumble in foreign lands, then will the great outlines of the American Constitution be amid the gloom an assurance of mutual confidence, of security and of peace, and doubt not, for it will stand, like a mighty rock, unmindful of the gales that beat about it.

Moultrie Ball, '27.

HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

In 1847, Col. Bushrod Johnson and Col. Richard Owen established a school in Kentucky and called it the Western Military Institute. The school was later moved into Tennessee near Nashville. Here it operated until 1855, when it was moved into Nashville as the prep department of the University of Nashville. In 1858, Montgomery Bell gave the University of Nashville a sum of money to establish a scholarship which was to be named after him. Immediate action was not taken on this. Meanwhile the Civil War broke out and all the students

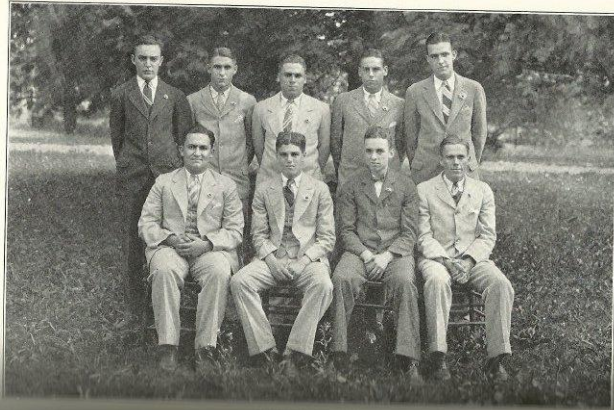


THOMAS BROWN

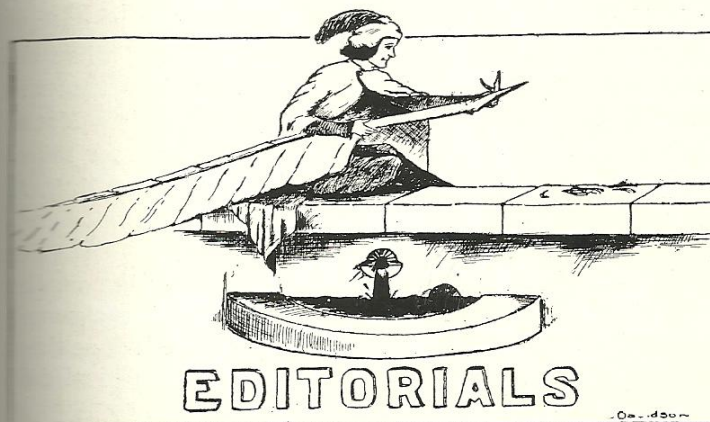
of the University of Nashville and the Western Military Institute went to the war and Col. Johnson became a General in the Confederate Army. During the latter part of the war there was no school and the buildings were used as storehouses and hospitals by the Northern army in Tennessee.

When the war was over, in 1867 the University of Nashville wished to reopen but did not have the money, so they re-established first their preparatory department, naming it Montgomery Bell Academy because of the gift of Montgomery Bell, which had about doubled itself during the war through some investments. The senior class of M. B. A. then became the freshman class of the University of Nashville. The university had at that time General E. Kirby Smith as head, and M. B. A. was conducted in the building where the medical school of Vanderbilt was held until they moved to the west campus. This continued until the University of Nashville had so developed that M. B. A. was crowded out. Then some of the people from Peabody College, which was then associated with the university, said that the prep school should be separate from the college. The Board of Trustees bought some property and put up a building on Lindsley Avenue, and here the school was conducted by Prof. Yeatman as head. It was at this period in the history of the school that military training ceased. After Prof. Yeatman, Prof. S. M. D. Clark was headmaster until 1912, when Mr. Ball succeeded him. The school was carried on on Lindsley Avenue in all for about thirty years. The property was then sold to the city for a park. The school then occupied a rented building on Seventh Avenue, North, for a year until a suitable site could be purchased. In the school year of 1915-16 the school moved out on the Harding road to its present campus, where, in spite of a disastrous fire, the development has continued until now, at the opening of the session of 1927-28, it will be better equipped than ever before in its history.

Donald Blair, '28.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1914



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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JOHN RANDOLPH	Asst. Business Manager

Fellows, it certainly is hard to leave old M. B. A. after spending your whole high school life out here. Many memories of "the little red school on the hill" will haunt the class of twenty-seven in the forthcoming years. They will turn their footsteps back once more to the old school and return to see the familiar surroundings, endeared to them by years of toil and play, of friendship and fraternal spirit, of comrades and teachers, back the old study hall, and live over again in their minds dreamy hours spent under the trees on the campus, back to the spring house, the bridge, the creek, the athletic field, and a thousand memories that rush to the mind of one returning.

Schoolmates and friends that remain, it is your duty to keep the old school up in name and record, and when the old grads return, have something to show them that will make their hearts glow with pride in their Alma Mater. Do your part for M. B. A. Ah, far too soon your school days will be done and nothing will be left to you of M. B. A. but memories.

Does M. B. A. need a new athletic field for the smaller boys? We think it is one of the most needed things around the school, except the new building. We have two or three acres of undeveloped campus that would be an ideal field for the Cooties.

In football season the Cooties have to practice in the back yard. And when they have a game the regular team has to take a holiday from much needed practice.

The reason the school thinks it so important for the Cooties to have the field for their games is because the Cooties that are being developed now will be the regulars in a year or two, possibly. So why not have them a field of their own where they can have regular practice and play their games without interference from the big team and without interfering with with them.

The Cooties have been a team out here at M. B. A. for several years and we expect to continue them in the years to follow. So why not make ready for them now with an athletic field that they can call their own.

It would take a comparatively small sum to develop a football field parallel to the present one and we hope the school authorities will see it our way.

We promise to show the school results in the shape of men on the varsity team and we promise that the products of the Cooties will do their stuff for Coach Kirk.

We hope every boy that goes to college from M. B. A. this year will take his freshman year very seriously for old M. B. A.'s sake as well as his own. When you are a freshman in college you are representing M. B. A. in a very im-

important and critical game. No boy has ever gone into a football or any other athletic game and did not try to help the Alma Mater win. Then why will a boy go to college and "play around" in his first term? He is hurting his school. A father chooses the preparatory school for his young son not because the school turns out athletes, but because the school turns out scholars. Of course, all of us can not be scholars, but we can "dig" and try not to fail in any subjects in our first term at college. M. B. A. has a good record this year in the Southern College Association Reports, 12.7 per cent of failed studies. Let's keep it up, or better it. If you try and fail, there is no help for it. After all, all that the school or anybody asks of you in any game is that you do your best, and if you go down go down trying. But let's win, because this is a game that will hurt our school a great deal more if we lose than the loss of any athletic game.

For the past two years M. B. A. had a Hi-Y Club; in fact, we had a club that was one of the best. We had a good leader, one of the best possible, and there's absolutely no reason why this should cease.

The Hi-Y Club was one of the best organizations we had in school. It did not have a certain group of boys in it. It had boys from every group in school. By group we mean boys who associate more with one crowd of boys than with another, like those belonging to the same fraternity.

While speaking of fraternities we can say that the Hi-Y Club helped to bring the fraternities together. The boys belonging to the Hi-Y Club didn't all belong to the same fraternity. There were boys from every fraternity in the Club, which was certain to cause better feelings and better fellowship between the boys and therefore between the fraternities, which is a very good thing, because when rivalry exists between the fraternities of a school it causes hard feelings throughout the entire school.

Then the Hi-Y Club helped the school itself. Sometimes they would conduct Chapel which was helping the faculty

out to a great extent. Then there were times when a team would have to make a long trip when the school didn't have sufficient funds to finance this trip; then the Hi-Y Club came in well. They would give a minstrel show or a show of some kind, which was always interesting, and raise the money for the trip which was a great help to the school.

Things like that should not cease, so fellows, let's have a good Hi-Y Club next year.

All the other schools have them; let's show them that M. B. A. can have a Hi-Y Club, and have one better than the rest.

BOY SCOUTS

There should be a Boy Scout troop organized in M. B. A. One reason for this is because there are some boys in school who are not able to belong to the Scouts because they live out of town or too far out in the suburbs to attend the meetings.

If a troop were organized in the school and meetings were held once a week after school this would enable all the boys to attend. The Boy Scouts' organization is the best thing that a boy can become a member of.

This organization teaches a boy to be obedient, to show respect to old people or to everybody as far as that is concerned. Another good thing about a Scout is that he has to perform one good deed a day in order to remain a Scout.

The Scout Troop would be a success out here, because there are some small boys in school and they would take more interest in the organization than the larger boys. The older ones would think themselves too large to be a Scout but it would be a good thing for the smaller.

A good thing about the Scouts is the hiking and camping. Every year the Scouts go to camp for two weeks or a month. During this camp the boys are taught to swim, life-saving and everything that is necessary for a Scout to know.

Three cheers for M. B. A. and our Headmaster, Mr. Ball. At last after months of untiring and ceaseless effort on his part, our new building is under construction.

We, who are now Seniors, never expected to see it begun in our scholastic reign, but before we hardly knew what it was all about, the charred remains of our old building were being torn down and hauled away; then, not even giving us a moment's reprieve to catch our breath after this astonishing fact, the foundations of our new building sprang up almost over night. It really seems that we are going to have our beautiful new building after all.

In a previous issue we attempted to give a description of the building, but here again we will give you some details of its general appearance. It is to be a brick affair of three stories, not including the basement, where a cafeteria, laundry, and store room will be. The first floor will be occupied by a library, waiting room or reception room, the Headmaster's office, about two class rooms and an entrance hall. The second floor will consist of a study hall and three large class rooms, while on the third floor will be a large hall. In all it will be a very beautiful building and one of the most modern in the vicinity in its accoutrements. It is something that every M. B. A. boy should be proud of, and some day we will be proud to look back through the years and say that we were the class that first saw old M. B. A.'s main building under construction.

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VERSE

EVENING

When the shades of night are
falling,
And the sunlight fades away,
There is a feeling that is calling,
"What have you done today?"

Have you made the day worth
being,
And has it been worth while?
Have you seen what was worth
seeing?
Have you made somebody
smile?

The day and night change paces,
The gold fades into night,
While the stars come to their
places
And sow the skies with light.

They look down on us beings,
If we have done some wrong,
And throw o'er us a feeling
That can't be hid with song.

It is well to do some kindness,
To some one all the while,
And when day turns to darkness
They will bless us with a smile.
Claude Williams, '27.

MOTHER

Who watched o'er you when as
a tot
You rambled o'er each vacant
lot;
Her tender love for you sinks
not;
Your Mother.

And she took care of you till
grown,
Till all your childhood joys had
flown;
She bore all this without a groan;
Your Mother.

And still she daily watches you,
The idol of her eyes so blue;
Her love for you is ever true;
Your Mother.

Remember all that she has done;
Your way into this world she
won;
Regard her as your dearest one;
Your Mother.

And though you're grown you
must not let
Your love for her slip from you
yet.
Through your last day do not
forget
Your Mother.
Maurice Moody, '27.

FANCIES

I've often thought of what the
future holds,
What strange things it may
have in store for me;
And as the present mysteries un-
fold,
So in the future, stranger
things may be.

There may be days so very dark
and drear,
I cannot put dull thoughts out
of my mind.
But those things almost always
disappear;
They say that every cloud is
silver-lined.

Then there will be a time when
things go wrong;
To smile will be the hardest
thing to do.
A smile will drive dull clouds
where they belong,
Things seem much brighter
when the skies are blue.

So when things seem to turn
out the wrong way,
I'll smile a while, and then
I can't feel blue;
And if I'm asked why I am smil-
ing, say,
"I'm dreaming that my future
dreams come true."
Bev. Young, '28.

TRUE LOVE

The world lay somber and still
and bright,
Neath the tropical moon on a
soft warm night,
And along the beach in a muf-
fled roar,
The little waves laughed as they
kissed the shore.

And under this moon and in its
light,
Two lovers walked on the sands
so white,
And they vowed for the future
that lay before,
That their love would grow
stronger forevermore.

Soon they were wed, and life
was pure joy,
And they later were blessed with
the birth of a boy.
He grew to young manhood and
filled them with pride,
For he seemed to accomplish
whatever he tried.

But the skies soon were clouded;
war sought to destroy
The peace and good will which
men try to employ.
With their son went their bless-
ing, though with it they
cried,
He, the first to go over, the first
who died.

This couple is old now, their hair
has turned gray,
But their love for each other was
molded to stay.
The old mother's dying, her bat-
tle is won,
She whispers to father, "I'll
await you with son."

So he lives on to wait for the
oncoming day,
When the Father shall call him
to those far away;
And he lives on to realize, when
all things are done,
That true love will end never—
for in death it's begun.

Chas. Coggin, Jr., '28.

FAREWELL

My days out here are almost
done,
And I must on my way;
Farewell to thee, O school of
schools,
Farewell, old M. B. A.

The years I've spent at toil and
play
Pass slowly in review;
The noble teachers I have had,
The kindly friends, and true.

Each memory of days gone by
I'll cherish in my heart,
Though I am out and far away,
Long after I depart.

But now my days are almost
done,
And I must on my way,
So fare thee well, O best of
schools,
Farewell, old M. B. A.

Moultrie Ball, '27.

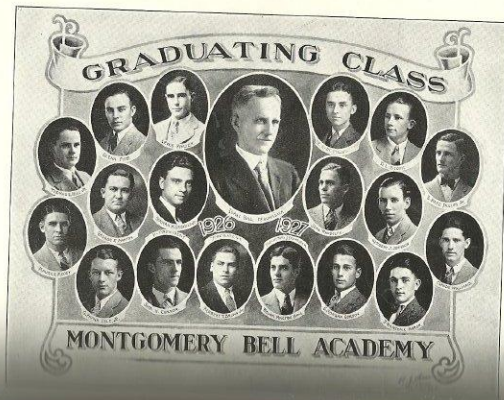
MY LOVE

My love is like a dreamy lotus
flower
In some far Oriental garden
fair,
Whose petals at the moon-lit
midnight hour
With haunting sweetness fill
the balmy air.

My love is like some sad sweet
lonely music
From far away brought vague-
ly to my ear
By heavy, fragrant, lingering
summer breezes
Through the soft starry sum-
mer night so clear.

'Tis like some far off still Ara-
bian desert
Bathed in the May moon's
magic silver light;
'Tis grand and strong and deep
and everlasting,
But sweet and mystic as the
sable night.

George Martin, '27.



Senior Class '26-27

Marshall (Hun) Aaron: Kappa Alpha Phi; baseball, '25-'26, '26-'27; secretary Clark Society, '26-'27.

* * *

Moultrie Ball: Kappa Alpha Phi; football, '26-'27; basketball, '26-'27; Athletic Editor Bulletin, '25-'26; Editor-in-Chief Bulletin, '26-'27; secretary and treasurer of Senior Class; secretary of Freshman Society, '23-'24; Lower School Declamation Medal, '23-'24; representative in National Oratorical Contest, '26-'27; secretary of School Committee, '26-'27.

* * *

John (Teaberry) Berry.

* * *

Herbert (Herb) Brown: Kappa Alpha Phi; football, '24-'25, '25-'26, '26-'27; captain football, '26-'27; basketball, '23-'24, '24-'25, '25-'26, '26-'27; baseball '25-'26, '26-'27; tennis, '25-'26; Alumni Editor Bulletin, '26-'27; president of Senior Class; president of Clark Society, '25-'26; Martin Medal, '25-'26; School Committee, '24-'25, '25-'26; president of School Committee, '26-'27.

* * *

Frank (Susie) Cole.

* * *

John Connor: Alpha Chi; Local Editor Bulletin, '26-'27; vice president of Senior Class; president of Junior Society, '24-'25; president of Ewing Society, '26-'27; School Committee.

* * *

Lewis (Luke) Frazer: Alpha Chi; baseball, '26-'27.

* * *

Glenn (Mickey) Fite: Sigma Delta Epsilon; baseball, '25-'26.

Norman (Injun) Griswold.

* * *

Morgan (Gorilla Girl) Gordon.

* * *

Thomas Hill.

* * *

Herbert (Gup) Johnson: Sigma Phi; baseball, '25-'26.

* * *

George (Tub) Martin: Theta Kappa Omega; Local Editor Bulletin, '25-'26; Business Manager Bulletin, '26-'27; president of Clark Society, '26-'27; Kappa Alpha Phi English Medal, '25-'26.

* * *

Maurice (Lovey) Moody: Theta Kappa Omega; Exchange Editor Bulletin, '26-'27; vice president of Junior Society, '23-'24; secretary of Ewing Society, '26-'27; Lower School Scholarship Medal, '23-'24.

* * *

Wade (Harry Langdon) Phillips: Sigma Alpha Delta; Assistant Editor Bulletin, '26-'27.

* * *

Ward Phillips: Sigma Phi Omega; football, '26-'27; secretary of Junior Society, '24-'25; vice president of Clark Society, '26-'27; School Committee, '26-'27.

* * *

John (Skull) Randolph: Theta Kappa Omega; Assistant Business Manager Bulletin, '26-'27.

* * *

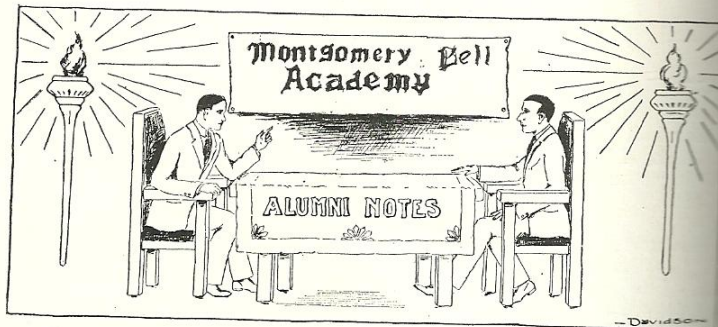
D. L. (Bimbo) Scott.

* * *

Claude (Suitcase) Williams: Theta Kappa Omega.

* * *

George (Buddy) Wilson.



The following M. B. A. men will graduate in June from the Vanderbilt Law School: William Martin, '22; John Cartwright, '23; Zach Coles, '23; Sidney Keeble, '20, and Fred Schlater, '19.

* * *

Nicholas Wenning, '23, will graduate in June from Notre Dame, a Bachelor of Commercial Science, and Ralph Morrissey, '23, from Washington and Lee, a Bachelor of Arts.

* * *

Invitations have been received announcing for June 7, at Orlando, Florida, the marriage of Cushman S. Radebaugh, '21, and Miss Adelma Giles. Cushman Radebaugh is engaged in the practice of law in Orlando, and is a junior member of one of the most prominent law firms in Florida.

* * *

We note with regret the death of B. F. Harris, '06, which occurred early in May.

* * *

Haskel Rightor, Jr., has transferred his headquarter from New Orleans to Chicago.

* * *

Alf Sharp, '19, and Buford Wilson, '17, are both with Caldwell & Co., in the bond business. The head of this firm, Rogers Caldwell, of the class of '07, has built up the greatest business in bonds in the Southern States.

W. C. Christopher, '26, who last summer entered the life insurance business with the National Life and Accident Company, has been very successful. He has been named six times already in "the shield," a list of leading producers of business. His work has been in Arkansas.

* * *

Armstrong Matthews, '20, Lehigh, '25, has left the Pennsylvania coal fields to accept a position of considerable future with the Consolidated Collieries, a corporation controlling more than a hundred collieries. He is on the engineering staff of the company, and has his headquarters at Fairmont, West Va.

* * *

Wyatt Jacobs, '25, Sophomore at Vanderbilt, is still continuing his interest in public speaking. He made the Inter-collegiate Debating Team this year, and is one of their best men.

* * *

Morris Frank, '24, is making an enviable reputation with the National Life and Accident. While he was at M. B. A. he devoted himself with especial interest to the study of History, and this year he is offering a prize of ten dollars in gold to the Senior making the best record in his History courses at M. B. A. This prize he intends to offer annually.

Another Alumnus, Alistair Rankin, '17, a civil engineer in the service of the L. and N. R. R., has continuously since his graduation from M. B. A. offered each year a prize of ten dollars in gold to the boy who leads in Senior Mathematics.

* * *

James Kellam, '16, since his graduation, in the employment of the Fourth and First National Bank, has recently been elected an assistant cashier of the new consolidated bank, a corporation controlling something over sixty million dollars.

* * *

Brownlee Currey, '21, after much service with the Fourth and First Bank, is now in charge of the bond department of the American Trust Co.

* * *

Some of the M. B. A. men from comparatively recent years who have entered the field of journalism are Tom Sims, N. E. A.; Tom Little, Nashville Tennessean; Russell Baird, New Orleans Times-Picayune; Foster Baird, Chicago Tribune; Charles Moss, Nashville Banner; Carver Lackey, Nashville Banner; Henry Piper, St. Louis Sporting News; Marshall Brumbach, Florence News.

* * *

Eldridge Hitt, '23, is completing a course in law in Detroit.

* * *

Merrill Moore, '20, on the completion of this, his junior year in the Vanderbilt Medical School, will begin his interne's service at St. Thomas' Sanitarium.

* * *

Charles M. Turner, '22, after graduating from the Engineering Department of Vanderbilt, formed a connection with General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. He is teaching there now in the regular school

of the company, and is holding a very responsible position.

* * *

Barton Jones, '24, is with the State Highway Department.

* * *

Mack Stubblefield, '18, is in business in Knoxville, Tenn.

* * *

Charles Russell, '20, in his Junior year at the U. T. Dental College in Memphis, has been doing some excellent work, leading some of his classes.

* * *

Cushman Radbaugh, '21, is engaged very successfully in the practice of law in Orlando, Fla., where he is connected with one of the best known firms in the state.

* * *

Alexander Hart, '24, is with the H. G. Hill Grocery Co. in Nashville.

* * *

Owen Allen, '21, University of Virginia, is in El Paso, Texas.

* * *

Harold Braly, among M. B. A.'s star athletes of '17, is in business in Honolulu.

* * *

Paul Stumb, '19, is agent for the Buick cars in Nashville.

* * *

George Leffler, star end of '16, was recently married to Miss Nancy Settle of Nashville.

* * *

Tom Sims, '18, well known journalist, is with the News Enterprise Association with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

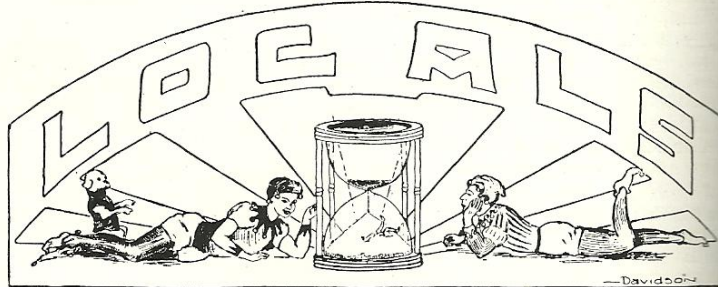
Alistair Rankin, '17, Vanderbilt, '22, is a civil engineer in the service of the L. & N. R. R.

* * *

Malcolm McClure, '18, is in the real estate business in Oakland, California.

* * *

Ellis Huggins, '17, holds an important position in the Federal Reserve bank of Nashville.



An attractive feature about the new building is the lettering, carved in large size on the stone work of the front, just below the second story: 1867—M. B. A.—1927.

* * *

Mr. George Waller, the architect of the new building, has certainly done a fine piece of work. Every day, as the bricklayers and carpenters keep on working, there is some new and interesting thing being added. "It can't be beat," is the general opinion of the students. Mr. Waller also designed our gym, which he said he was going to make "the best gym in Nashville"—and it is.

* * *

Mr. Jack Boone is pushing his end, the contractor's part, as fast as the work can be done. Since the rains have let up things have been moving. This is the third building put up for M. B. A. by the Boone Construction Company.

* * *

COMMENCEMENT DAY

Commencement day is here again,

A day that's full of joy;
And yet it's closely mingled with
Some sorrow to each boy.

To those who will be leaving soon
To journey on life's way,
To those who off to college go
There's sorrow on this day.

And yet it seems they should be
glad

That Fate to them was kind,
But they well know that schools
like this
Are very hard to find.

For they have learned to love
this school,

Their hearts show it to-day;
The spirit of the school prevails,
We all love M. B. A.

M. Moody, '27.

* * *

VISITORS FROM NASHVILLE

The Cotton States Tournament, an annual event at Auburn, is the climax of prep school basketball in the South-eastern states.

It has been Beta Eta's custom, as well as pleasure, to act as host to Montgomery-Bell Academy, from Nashville, during this week each year. Coach Emerson never fails to bring a fast, smooth, well-coached team, which always ranks with the best teams entered. This year was no exception, and he arrived on schedule time with nine handsome Tennessee lads. We met them at the station, renewed old acquaintances, and made new ones. In less than an hour after their arrival they were quite at home and we were all settled down in a grand old bull session.

M. B. A. has always been considered the most popular team in the tournament, and we proud-

ly strutted our visitors around the campus, introducing them to our friends, both male and female. Four very pleasant days were spent, with the tournament of course the main attraction.

Although our boys—as we always term them—did not win first place, they showed up mighty well and we were justly proud of them.—“The Booster,” published by the Auburn, Ala., chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, May, '27.

SPRING FEVER

Spring has come upon us
With all its golden round;
We find the boys all lounging
All over the campus ground.

The fever has hit them badly,
Their grades have begun to drop.

The boys have hopes of passing
When all they'll do is flop.

There are three more weeks of
school days

And the boys do dread the
end.

If the fever had not hit them
On books more time they'd
spend.

They'll spend this very summer
Working hard beneath the
sun,

Till zeros have been made up
And promotion has been won.
Merrill Hovey, '29.

* * *

Mr. Vaughan to Charley:
“What do you mean by busting
your History exam?”

Charley: “It is not my fault.
They asked me something that
happened before I was born.”

* * *

A new stunt in baseball: For
the team to drive to Columbia
and back just before playing C.
M. A. game of ball in Nashville.

* * *

Joe Myers has moved to West
End. Is it an asset or a liability
to West End?

Moody is in love again.

* * *

Some of the baseball players
got hold of the scorebook the
other day, and a recent averaging
showed more than half the
squad hitting over 500.

* * *

Mr. Cherry: “What is a dove-
cot?”

Hackman: “It's a Martin box.”

Mr. Cherry: “No Wrennes al-
lowed, I suppose.”

* * *

Mervill: “Coach, what's the
matter? I'm not hitting the
ball?”

Coach: “Its not hitting the
bat.”

* * *

VACATION

Vacation time is almost here,
The time we enjoy most dur-
ing the year,

The time when everyone is happy
and free,

The time when everyone is full
of glee.

There's tennis, swimming, and
golfing galore,

And picnicing and fishing on
some quiet shore;

The days are long and bright,
and clear,

And the birds sweet singing
we can hear.

We don't have to worry about
going to school,

Or stay inclosed to obey the
rule;

We don't have to go home and
study at night,

And stay up and burn the
midnight light.

Some will take life easy during
the day,

Some will work hard, just the
other way;

But work or play, whichever you
choose,

The joy of vacation we never
lose.

Glenn Fite, '27.

THE END IS NEAR

Hurray! the end is near,
The old exams will soon be here.
The student body's time is o'er,
And now's the teacher's time to roar.

The Summer months with all
their glee
Welcome everyone, open and
free.
Each industrious student will get
a job
And use the things he learned to
help the mob.
John T. Berry, Jr., '27.

* * *

Gerst left on Friday to go to
the Derby, and hasn't returned
yet (Wednesday). Maybe his
horse hasn't come in yet.

* * *

Goodman has a picture of his
girl at last. He swiped it out of
a boy's room at Sewanee. How
come?

* * *

"I think there is company
downstairs."

"How do you know?"

"I just heard mamma laugh at
one of papa's jokes."—Ex.

* * *

SPRING

The roses bloom when it is
spring,
March breezes blow, the birds
all sing,
And on the hills the daisies grow
To take the place of melting
snow.

And everything is full of life;
The winter's gone, with all its
strife,
And skies are blue instead of
gray,
Which comes to drive the chill
away.

Then in our hearts we feel a
thrill,
From cups of joy we drink our
fill,
And in our lives there is no care,
For spring is shining everywhere.
M. Aaron, '27.

Vaughan: "Get away from
here, Goodman."

Mr. Ball: "Vaughan, what are
you doing?"

Vaughan: "I am writing a
joke about Goodman, and he
can't see the point."

* * *

I had a local dream last night.
I dreamed I was riding on the
T. C. R. R.

* * *

Worrall in English Five: "You
give us too much memory work.
My memory has gone on a
strike."

Vaughan: "You mean it has
struck out."

* * *

Hackman is dizzy. His mother
rocked him too much when he
was a baby.

* * *

George Wilson: "Summer is
coming and the birds are begin-
ning to sing."

Yes, George; that's right.

* * *

MEMORIES

At eventide when shadows fall
We feel the dim subconscious call
That bids the mind to ope and
dwell

Upon the past—sweet memory's
spell.

Dear faces of the ones we love,
They seem to hover just above;
Light phantom forms elusive, yet
So real that they leave regret.

Past memories that serve to leave
The human heart to pine and
grieve,

Reluctant yet to cast away
The spectre of another day.

These pictures haunt an old
man's brain,

And cause remorse and an-
guished pain;

Yet life we'd give ere these we'd
lose—

'Twould be the one gift all would
choose—

Memories.

Herbert T. Brown, Jr., '27.

Wanted: To know why there
are so many squirrels on the
campus at M. B. A.

* * *

Everybody on the squad has
been tried in one game or an-
other in the pitcher's box, ex-
cept Aaron; but Coggin's record
tops the list. In his first game
he walked nine and allowed six-
teen hits. He was taken out in
the fourth to save his arm for
the next big game.

* * *

The time has come when things
must hum,
We've got to study; no time to
bum.
Exams are here, and I do fear
That they may make me shed a
tear.

* * *

Red Sisk wants to know where
he can buy an asbestos hat.

* * *

"Bull" Patton can sling more
than bull.

* * *

It is rumored that Mr. Cherry
is having a suit made of leaves
and wild flowers. He hopes that
in this outfit he will be more able
to catch the smokers.

* * *

THE NEW BUILDING

The building is started at last,
The thing that interests us most.
It is going up mighty fast,
We thought it but a ghost.

First the ground was broken
And the dirt was hauled away.
The building was a token,
Then the hammer and saw held
sway.

Then the foundation was started,
The rocks were fitted fast;
They will hold till they have
parted—
Our dream has come true at last.

The stone work is completed,
The roof will soon go on;
In their desks all will be seated,
But my school days will be gone.

T. Hill, '27.

Wanted—Boys to drive Ford
trucks for the Hippodrome Motor
Co.

* * *

A tennis shark is Herbert Brown,
He wins his match in every town;
But on a Math Six quiz, O Gee!
A ten nit shark he proved to be.

* * *

C. Williams: "You didn't know
I was a poet, did you?"

X: "No. I thought your feet
would be too long."

* * *

Correct this: And after seeing
me smoking, Mr. Cherry said,
"Now, little boy, don't you know
that isn't good for you? Please
don't make a habit of that."

* * *

Conductor receiving a dented
nickel from Joe Myers: "Buddy,
what's the matter with this
nickel?"

Joe: "Oh nothing. I got mad
when I dropped it a while ago
and bit it."

* * *

How about entering Herb
Brown in the Hog-calling Con-
test?

* * *

BLUE MONDAY

The hardest time for me in
school

Is always Monday morn,
For on this day so bright and
clear

I always strike a storm.

My Latin is so full of words
Is never saw before,
And for the price of this great
fault

I now am punished sore.

The night before I wandered
free,

My Math was left undone,
And now I sit in the study hall
And miss all of the fun.

Blue Monday is a day of woe,
Of time flung wide and free,
And when this time is paid full
well

I then will happy be.

D. L. Scott, Jr., '27.

WANT COLUMN

Wanted—A permanent wave.
—“Pablo” Helm.

Wanted—To know when my horse is coming in.—“Gus” Gerst.

Wanted—To become tennis champion.—Robert Estes.

Wanted—To set a record in striking out.—Howard Allen.

Wanted—To skip detention on Tuesdays.—Time Payers.

Wanted—A shark in Math 4B.—Fessor Pennington.

Wanted—To get to school on time.—Larry Montgomery.

Wanted—A job to drive truck.—Owen, Moody, K. Montgomery, etc.

Wanted—A place to smoke in peace.—The Smokers.

Wanted—A History 6 class.—Mrs. Ball.

Wanted—The girls to leave me alone.—“Spider” Walker.

Wanted—A baseball cap.—J. Bass.

* * *

Mrs. O’Flanagan: “Mrs. Carr, I hear you have another little car.”

Mrs. Carr: “Yes, and I hope it’s the caboose.”—Exchange.

* * *

“Well, we all make mistakes now and then,” said Bass, after he had challenged Hatfield for a tennis match.

* * *

Five boys in Mr. Cherry’s Math 5 had a bouncing good time the other day.

* * *

The S. P. O. dance in the gym on May 27 was the third of the frat dances at M. B. A. this year. The K. A. P. and the P. A. L. dances were some weeks earlier.

* * *

You may talk about getting hurt in football, but the casualties on the diamond this spring have football beat all hollow.

* * *

Joe Myers at Latin 4 exam.: “I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.”

The Junior Society has a good record this year. The interest, particularly in debates, has been steady, and some good speakers have been developed among the younger boys.

* * *

I CANNOT WRITE POETRY

They called on me for poetry
To fill another book;
If you think I can write the stuff
At these lines take a look.

I wrote some just a year ago,
And it was right bad, too;
The boys said they must fill the book,
And thought that it would do.

Each time they called on me to write,
I tried to make them see
That writing poetry for print
Was not a job for me.

But after all perhaps it’s fair,
And must be done that way;
Here’s four stanzas for the editors,
And three cheers for M. B. A.
Frank Cole, ’27.

* * *

Up and down all through life
There’s nothing else but toil and strife.
I’ve fought my fight and early pass
To my long sleep beneath the grass.
Carve on the tomb where I shall rest,
“A Caesare occisus est.”

* * *

Wright, on tennis court: “I don’t understand tennis.”
Umpire: “Love forty.”
Wright: “Love forty? The devil! One is more than I can manage.”

* * *

“What’s the difference between a red onion and a white onion?”

“I don’t know.”
“Then you don’t know your onions.”

He: "What's the last word in parked cars?"
 She: "No."

* * *

Brown: "What is a paradox?"
 Wrenne: "Why, two doctors, of course."

* * *

The height of nerve: Joe Myer's application for a job in the lunch room.

* * *

Morris says his outlook is good in the golf tournament for next year.

* * *

Coggin: "How do you find the perpendicular bisector of a line?"

Mr. Cherry: "Who can answer that question?"

Coggin: "I believe I can."

* * *

McAlpine: "I have broken all the speed laws of this state."

Dolly: "Oh, I am so glad. They always were a nuisance."

* * *

Connor, late to his Spanish class.

Mrs. Johnson: "Connor, where have you been? Fifteen minutes for being late."

Connor: "Why, I have been studying my Spanish. I get time for studying and time for not studying. What's the use?"

* * *

Mr. Ball calling: "Fite! Fite!"

Brown: "Where?"

* * *

M. B. A.'s movie doubles: Harry Langdon, Phillips; Jackie Coogan, Wrenne; Rudolf, Valaske; Lon Chaney, Burge; Ivan Linow, Patton; Leon Erroll, Cole.

* * *

The track officials at Sewanee timed Chester Miller by the calendar instead of by a stop watch.

A SCHOLAR'S VOW

The time is passing fast,
 And we begin to fear,
 For summer comes at last
 And exams are almost here.

And some of us feel bad
 That have loafed along,
 Our hearts are very sad,
 That's why we sing this song.

But just wait till next year,
 I'll study all I can,
 And at the end I'll have no fear,
 I'll pass them like a man.
 Ward Phillips, '27.

* * *

Hovey has been making good grades in Math 4 recently. The mystery has been discovered. He can play golf, but not as well as Prof. Jim.

* * *

Here lies the body of James Levine,
 He tried to push in the lunch room line.

* * *

The shimmy shake is sure to shock
 The folks who chance to view it;
 But maybe you would cease to mock,
 And like it, if you'd do it.
 —Exchange.

* * *

Fat Lady (bathing): "Here, let go of my leg!"

Near-sighted Gent: "Oh, excuse me. I thought I had hold of a pier."—Exchange.

* * *

"What's the matter, Estes, you're looking worried?"

"Work, nothing but work from morning until night."

"How long have you been at it?"

"I begin tomorrow."

Mitchell's CANDIES
 323 UNION STREET

EXCHANGES

During the past year the Bulletin has received a varied group of papers—some of them from large and well-known schools, others from small schools.

Many of the papers we have received are first-class papers—that is, they are not only interesting to the local student body, but are also interesting to outside readers. A school should not make its paper too local. In some degree we form our opinion of schools from the papers they publish. Some of the following papers would have been first-class had they not omitted departments most frequently read by people outside of the school.

A school paper, as we think, should consist of the following: Stories, poems, editorials, news and jokes. They are the four essential things in the making of a school paper. It should be published with two things in view: First, it must be of interest to the local student body; and, second, it must also hold some interest for outside readers.

There are two types of school papers—one devoting its attention to school news, the other mainly a literary magazine, with news features as a secondary consideration. The second of these seems in our judgment to be superior, as it makes a bid for a higher type of writing than the former.

The Bulletin wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following papers during the past year:

Ward-Belmont Hyphen, Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

Central High News, Central High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Maroon and White, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Bell, Tilghman High School, Paducah, Ky.

The Jonesboro High Times, Jonesboro High School, Jonesboro, Ark.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Campus List, Baylor School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Signal, Central High School, Columbia, Tenn.

The Masquerader, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Crimson, Manual Training High School, Louisville, Ky.

The Arrow Head, Flint Senior High School, Flint, Mich.

The Stimulator, Coffee High School, Florence, Ala.

The Tornado, McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Owl, Hurlock High School, Hurlock, Md.

The Mignonette, St. Mary's Academy, Paducah, Ky.

The Whip, Lebanon High School, Lebanon, Tenn.

Central Hi-Lights, Central High School, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Gold and Blue, Bledsoe High School, Pikeville, Tenn.

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island.

The Purple and Gold, Clarksville High School, Clarksville, Tenn.

The Purple and White, Branham and Hughes Military Academy, Spring Hill, Tenn.

CLIPPINGS

The Laziest Man

"Is he lazy?"
 "Lazy! Why, he puts pop corn in his pancake batter to save him the trouble of flipping them!"—Colgate Banter.
 * * *

"I hear there is a ban on new Oxford bags."

"Yes, they say several men have gone crazy trying to find their legs, so that they could pull up their socks."—Campus List.
 * * *

Many a true word has been spoken through false teeth.—Campus List.
 * * *

He (after fumble): "They've lost the ball!"

She (excitedly): "Oh, no! There it is!"—Virginia Reel.
 * * *

The Original Goat

Kelly "Shad" Janes: "Who was the most unlucky man in the world?"

Harold "Peewee" Little: "Adam. Because he couldn't flirt with Eve and say, 'Haven't I met you some place before?'"—Jonesboro High Times.
 * * *

First Drunk: "I can't swim."
 Second Ditto: "Why?"
 First Drunk: "I ain't in the water."—The Whip.

Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

(No answer.)

Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?"—Froth.
 * * *

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine. It—"

She: "Don't talk foolish; wait until we get off the main road."—Crimson.
 * * *

John: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?"

Jock: "Hold the hammer in both hands."—Hi Lights.
 * * *

Teacher: "Put this sentence in Shakespearean language, 'Here comes a bow-legged man.'"

Student: "Behold! Who is this approaching in parentheses?"—Camp List.
 * * *

He: "Every time I kiss you I'm a better man."

She: "Well, you needn't try to go to Heaven in one night."—Central High News.
 * * *

Teacher: "That's the third time you've looked at his paper."

Stude: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plain."—Stimulator.

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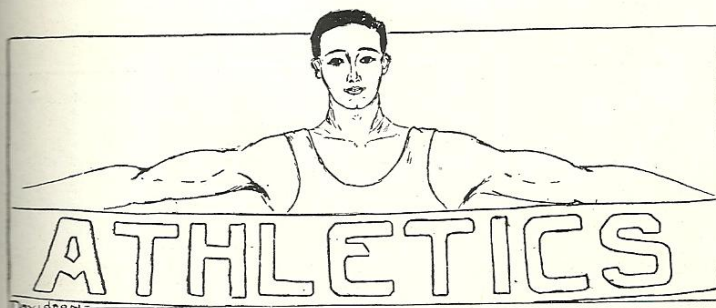


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CHARLES M. CARROLL, 16



HERNIMAN



M. B. A had a very successful year in athletics during 1926-27. Coach Kirkpatrick developed a football team that won the Southern championship. Coach Emerson's basketball team won the city championship and went to the finals in the T. I. A. A. tournament. In baseball we won nine and lost seven, and in track Coach Keene developed a team that won the city championship.

Prospects looked bad at the beginning of football, as we lost eleven letter men from last year's team. This did not discourage Coach, and he set to work to build a team to uphold the record set by the team of last year. This he did, and under the leadership of Herbert Brown we had a team almost equivalent to the record-breaking team of 1925-26. We should have a good team next year, as Worrall is captain.

In basketball it looked as if we would have one of the best teams that has represented M. B. A., until exams came along. After exams we lost four men, two of whom were regulars last year. That left only three letter men for Coach Emerson to build his team from. One of these was Capt. Earl Blair, one of the best players in the State. We were lucky to have some new "comers," and Coach developed a good team. We went to Auburn but lost the second game. We beat the Irish for the city championship, but Castle Heights beat us in the finals for the championship of the T. I. A. A. Goodman will lead the team next year.

The baseball team made a good showing to lose as many men as it did for lack of studies or other reasons. After losing five regulars, Coach Kirkpatrick set to work to find men to fill the vacancies left by the ineligible. He was compelled to use a pitcher as a catcher and to jumble them up every way to arrange a team capable of representing the school. We have played some of the best teams in the State and it was no disgrace to lose some games. Worrall made a good leader and ran the team well.

Coach Jess Keene had a small track squad out. There were six men to report for track and these men made the team. We beat Hume-Fogg for the city championship. This being the first time in several years that M. B. A. has had a track team, it was hard to get the boys interested in it, but after they got started they were hard to stop. J. D. Patton was captain and won three gold medals for himself during the season. If all of the ineligible could have been eligible we would have had one of the best track teams in the State.

M. B. A., 4, 7; Bethel College, 4, 4

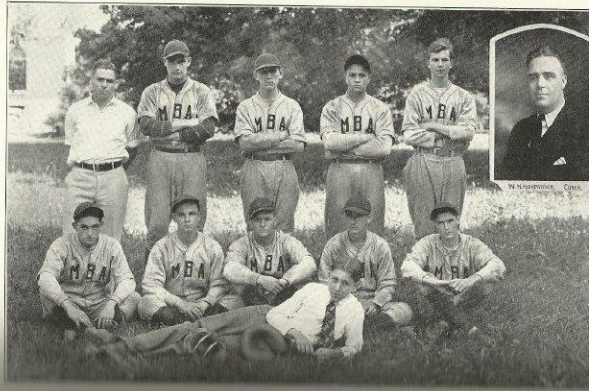
M. B. A. opened its baseball season by a victory and a tie at Russellville, Ky., against Bethel College. The first game resulted four to four in ten innings. Wright pitched an air-tight game, while Grissom, for Bethel, did likewise.

M. B. A. took the second game seven to four, Thomason for M. B. A. sitting his opponents down in one, two, three order behind fast fielding and timely hitting of his mates.

M. B. A., 9; Duncan, 6

M. B. A. met its first local opponent and downed them 9 to 6. Thomason allowed only seven hits, which were well scattered, while M. B. A. secured ten from Lewis.

Aaron and Goodman led the slugging for M. B. A., while Kirkpatrick and Lewis hit best for Duncan. Score by innings:



BASEBALL TEAM

												R.	H.	E.
Duncan	-----	2	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	3
M. B. A.	-----	0	1	2	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	9	10	4

M. B. A., 15; Central, 17

M. B. A. lost a slugfest contest to Central, the game being called in the eighth inning on account of darkness. M. B. A. touched Wray for thirteen hits, while Central secured sixteen off Thomason and Coggin.

Worrall, Bullard and Allen were the offensive stars for M. B. A., each securing three hits, while Brown and Taylor hit best for Central.

	R. H. E.
Score by innings:	
M. B. A. -----	3 4 0 1 0 5 2—15 13 4
Central -----	5 4 1 1 0 1 4—17 16 3

M. B. A., 1; H.-F. H. S., 2

In a pitchers' duel between Wright and Overton, M. B. A. met defeat in a twelve-inning game. This was one of the best games played in prep school circles in a good while. Wright allowed four hits, while Overton gave up only three.

This being the first time a Hume-Fogg team has defeated an M. B. A. team in two years, it was a hard game to lose. Brown, with two hits, was the batting star of the day.

										R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	000	000	001	000	—1	3	2				
Hume-Fogg	-----	000	100	000	001	—2	4	2				

M. B. A., 3; Cathedral, 4

M. B. A. lost its third game of the season when "Pug" Johnson pitched the Irish to a 4 to 3 victory. Thomason pitched good ball for M. B. A., but was wild at times.

Worrall and Allen were the hitting stars for M. B. A., while Johnson and Burke hit best for Cathedral.

Score by innings:												
M. B. A.	-----	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—3	5	3
Irish	-----	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	0—4	6	3

M. B. A., 2; Central, 8

M. B. A. met defeat at the hands of Central Hi, this being the second time this year that Central has beaten M. B. A.

Harrison pitched a good game, backed by fine fielding and good hitting. Thomason pitched good baseball from the fourth inning. In the first of the game he couldn't locate the plate and Central took advantage of his wildness.

Wright with three out of four was the star batter, while Goodman got two out of four. Page and Dixon hit best for Central.

Score by innings:

											R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	9	4
Central	-----	2	2	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	8	10	3

M. B. A., 4, 6; Castle Heights, 5, 5

M. B. A. split a double bill with Castle Heights. The visitors took the first game 5 to 4, while Wright let them down with four hits to win the second.

Thomason pitched a good game but was wild at times. Goodman and Wright hit best for M. B. A. in the first game, while Worrall and Merville were the stars of the last.

Rochelle, J. Martin and Glaum hit best for Castle Heights.

Score by innings, first game:

											R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	4	
C. H. M. A.	-----	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	5	9	3	

Second game:

											R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	1	0	0	1	0	1	3	6	11	5		
C. H. M. A.	-----	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	4	2		

M. B. A., 7; Duncan, 6

M. B. A. won another game by defeating Duncan for the second time this year. Worrall, after relieving

Thomason, who started, pitched air-tight baseball. Lewis pitched well until the eighth, when he was relieved by Wilson.

Worrall and Goodman, each with a home run to his credit, and Allen, with a three-base hit, starred for M. B. A., while Pirtle, Andrews and Lewis hit best for Duncan.

Score by innings:

													R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	3	—	7	10	2	
Duncan	-----	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	—	6	10	3	

M. B. A., 12; Wallace, 8

M. B. A. raised its standing in the city race by defeating Wallace 12 to 8. Allen pitched a good game and was the star at bat for M. B. A. Worrall and Wright also hit well

Stumb pitched a good game for Wallace. McAlwain, McClendon and Maddox hit best for Wallace.

Score by innings:

											R.	H.	E.	
M. B. A.	-----	1	3	2	2	2	1	1	0	*	—	12	15	2
Wallace	-----	1	0	0	0	1	4	2	0	0	—	8	10	3

M. B. A., 11; S. M. A., 9

M. B. A. overcame an early lead made by S. M. A., in the second and third innings to win by a 11 to 9 score. Worrall pitched good baseball, while Cella, S. M. A. hurler, was hit hard and replaced by Boyd. The game was played on M. B. A. field.

Merville and Vaughan hit best for M. B. A., while Isaac and Boyd were the best for S. M. A.

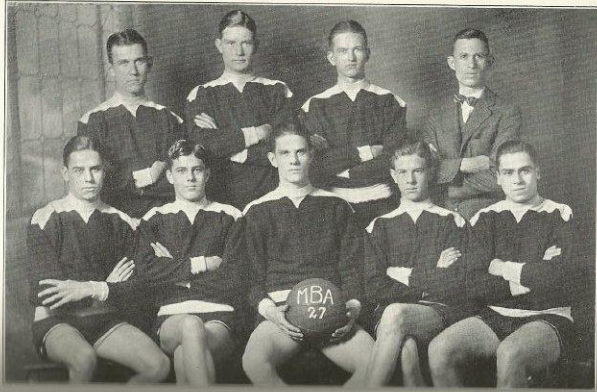
Score by innings:

Score by innings:											R.	H.	E.
S. M. A.	----	0	4	0	0	3	0	1	1	0—	9	9	4
M. B. A.	----	0	3	5	0	1	0	0	2	x—	11	10	3

M. B. A., 11; C. M. A., 7

Game Played on M. B. A. Field

M. B. A. scored six runs in the first inning at the expense of Houston to secure a lead that they never lost.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Worrall and oGodman with three hits, and Aaron with a single and a triple were M. B. A.'s best hitters. Pyburn and Partin hit best for C. M. A.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

M. B. A.	-----	6	0	0	1	0	3	0	1	x—11	12	5
C. M. A.	-----	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—7	7	3

M. B. A., 10; H.-F. H. S., 9

M. B. A. evened the count with Hume-Fogg by defeating them 10 to 9 in one of the most exciting games in prep school this year. The game was played at Sulphur Dell, to a large audience. M. B. A. had an 8 to 2 lead, but H.-F. scored two runs in the seventh and five in the eighth to put them one run in the lead. M. B. A. tied the score in the ninth and won in the tenth when Aaron got a hit, stole second and went to third on a passed ball; he later scored on a hit by Worrall.

Wright pitched in fine form, striking out fourteen men. Overton was hit hard and was relieved in the ninth inning by Carney. Goodman, Merville and Vaughan hit best for M. B. A., while Lashley hit best for Hume-Fogg.

Score by innings:

R. H. E

M. B. A.	----	1	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	1—10	14	8
H.-F. H. S.	--	1	0	1	0	0	0	2	5	0	0—9	7	8

M. B. A., 5; Irish, 7

M. B. A. lost to Cathedral 7 to 5 in their last Inter-City game. Thomason started for M. B. A. but was relieved by Wright, in the second inning, who pitched a fine game. He struck out seventeen men. Johnson, who pitched for the Irish had the M. B. A. sluggers under his control all through the game.

Wright and Allen hit best for M. B. A. Halloran, Johnson and Rotella played best for the Irish.

Score by innings:

R. H. E

M. B. A.	-----	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	1—	5	7	3
Irish	-----	0	6	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—	7	6	1

M. B. A., 2, 1; Heights, 8, 3

M. B. A. lost a double-header to Castle Heights in their last appearance of the season. Phipps pitched both games, allowing only four hits the first game and three the second. Thomason and Wright pitched for M. B. A.

Merville and Thomason, with two hits each, hit best for M. B. A., while Dawson, with five hits out of six attempts, was the star for Heights.

Score by inning.										First inning:				R. H. E.		
M. B. A.	-----	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	2	4	4			
C. H. M. A.	-----	4	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	0—	8	5	2			
Second game:										R. H. E.						
M. B. A.	-----	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—	1	3	1			
C. H. M. A.	-----	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0—	3	6	1			

The batting averages for the year:

Player	A.B.	Hits	Pct.
Wright -----	37	15	.406
Goodman -----	44	16	.364
Thomason -----	21	7	.333
Worrall -----	61	19	.312
Allen -----	53	15	.283
Aaron -----	58	15	.259
Brown -----	29	7	.242
Frazier -----	21	5	.238
Bullard -----	22	5	.227
Merville -----	50	17	.220
Vaughan -----	49	9	.184
Morton -----	34	6	.175
Team Averages -----	479	136	.284

The Most Refresh-
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Coca-Cola

AT ALL STORES,
CAFES AND STANDS
5c BOTTLE

TRACK

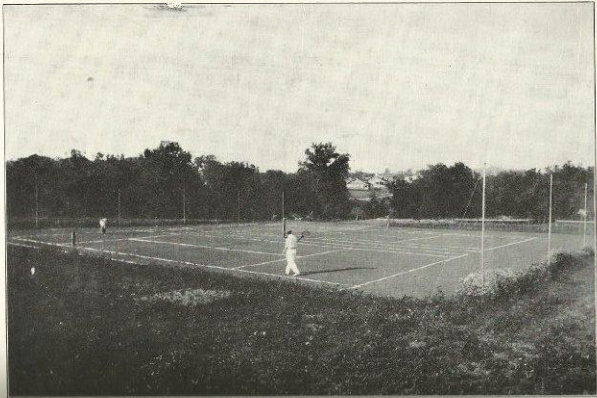
The first track team to represent M. B. A. in several years had a very successful season under the coaching of Jess Keene, former football star of Vanderbilt.

In our first meet we were defeated by the Vanderbilt Freshmen by the score of 50 to 30. This was not a bad showing for it was the first meet of the year and all members of our team, except Captain Patton, were making their first appearance on the track.

A week later the Sewanee Interscholastic Meet started and we entered that. Our squad being small, every man made the trip; but Patton, who holds the State record for the discus and the shot, was the only member to win a point. He won first place in the discus and won a gold medal for himself. Goodman went to the finals in the 100 and the 220-yard dash. Worrall got fifth place in the high jump.

Next was the Vanderbilt Invitation Meet. McAlpine and Patton were the only members of our squad to enter the meet. Patton won two more medals, one in the shot and the other in the discus, these made three gold medals in one season for Patton.

The last meet was with Hume-Fogg, which we won 56 to 45, this giving us the city championship. McAlpine, with 21 points, was high scorer of the meet, Sutherland of Hume-Fogg with fifteen was next, Goodman with 11 was third followed closely by Patton with 10. M. B. A. secured seven first and seven second places in this meet. The relay team, composed of Goodman, Vaughan, Worrall and McAlpine easily won their race. The letter men are as follows: Patton, (Capt.); Worrall, McAlpine, Goodman, Vaughan, and Miller.



TENNIS COURT

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

The annual tennis tournament was divided into two divisions this year, the smaller boys were entered in the Cooties' tournament and the larger ones in the Senior tournament. The sets and winners were as follows:

Seniors

First Round.	Winner.
Brown vs. Bye	Brown
J. Myers vs. Valaske	Myers
Estes vs. K. Montgomery	K. Montgomery
Hackman vs. Owen	Hackman
Hatfield vs. Bye	Hatfield
Bass vs. Ball	Bass
Goodman vs. C. Miller	Goodman
Coggins vs. Cole	Cole
Second Round.	Winner.
Brown vs. Myers	Brown
K. Montgomery vs. Hackman	Hackman
Hatfield vs. Bass	Hatfield
Goodman vs. Cole	Goodman
Third Round.	Winner.
Brown vs. Hackman	Brown
Goodman vs. Hatfield	Hatfield
Finals.	Winner.
Hatfield vs. Brown	Hatfield (default)

Owing to Brown's sprained ankle which he received in a baseball game with C. M. A., he was unable to play Hatfield in the finals.

Cooties Tournament

First Round.	Winner.
Jamison vs. Burge	Burge
Lindsey vs. Pearson	Lindsey
Morrissey vs. Early	Early
Campbell vs. D. V. Johnson	Johnson
Second Round.	Winner.
Burge vs. Lindsey	Burge
Early vs. Johnson	Johnson

Finals. Winner.
Burge vs. Johnson ----- Johnson

As the tournament was held later this year than usual owing to the weather, it was impossible to arrange matches with other schools. There was some good tennis played by the winners and we wish to congratulate them.

Doubles Tournament

Hatfield and Hackman won the Finals in the doubles tourney from Ball and Bass by the score of 3-6, 6-1, 6-4, 7-9, 6-4.

GOLF

M. B. A. had four men entered in the Middle Tennessee Interscholastic Golf Tournament which was held at the Richland Golf Club.

Charley Vaughan, who won the third flight, made the best showing for M. B. A. He won a loving cup with which he was presented in school by Mr. Jack Whaley. The other entries were Bev Young, who was put out in the second round of the fourth flight; Merrill Hovey, who was put out in the first round of the fifth flight; and Dick Morris, who went to the second round in the second flight.

Congratulations to Charley Vaughan.



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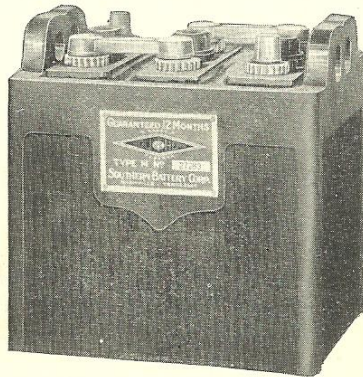
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